



The **S**TORY my **D**OGGIE told to me



JOHN RAE

 Ralph Henry Barbour 



Class PZ10

Book 3

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The Story My Doggie Told to Me





We had some
fine times together!

The Story My Doggie Told to Me



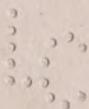
By

Ralph Henry Barbour

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "The Half-Back," "Tom, Dick and Harriet," etc.

With Illustrations by

John Rae



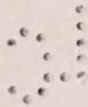
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no,

TO GRETCHEN

in the hope that she will
read it to her children and that they
may profit by its lessons, this
book is dedicated by
her Master

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PART ONE
WHEN I WAS A PUPPY

CHAPTER I

PLAY DAYS

Bow!

I always begin a story that way. It is what you Two-Legged Folks call “making your bow.” With us dogs it means “Hello” and “How do you do” and “Good morning” and—and lots of other things too. And sometimes it means “Look out!” You see, we have so many ways of saying it!

Perhaps some day I’ll tell you how to know just what we mean when we say “Bow!”—like that—sort of quick and friendly; and what we mean when we say it slow and gruff, way down in our throats.

And then there’s “Wow!” too. “Wow” is different from “Bow.” And “Bow-wow” is still different. But this isn’t telling my story, is it?

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

Of course, you haven't said you wanted me to tell you my story, but I'm almost sure you do. I think you'll like it, because I am a very good story-teller—for a dog. And, although I am not quite three years old, I have seen a lot of things in my day.

You won't mind if I wag my tail now and then, will you? It is very hard for a dog to tell a tale without wagging. Some folks say a dog talks with his tail. He doesn't though; not really. He just uses his tail the way you Two-Legged Folks use your hands, to make others understand better what you are saying.

When you tell a story you should always start right at the very beginning, and that is what I am going to do.

The first thing I remember was when I was about two weeks old. I'm sure you can't remember when you were two weeks old. I think that is very clever of me, don't you? It shows what a fine memory I have. I was lying

PLAY DAYS

in a sort of cage made of criss-cross wires. There was sawdust on the floor. There were four of us in all, for I had two sisters and one brother. My mother's name was Gretchen and my father's name was Fritz. I am named after my father. He had two or three other names besides, but they're very hard to say, being German. You see my father and mother were both born in Germany and brought to this country when they were very young, and so, of course, they spoke German very nicely. But they never taught it to me. I suppose there wasn't time. There are so many, many things a puppy has to learn. I didn't see much of my father when I was a tiny puppy. Sometimes he came to the cage where we lived and licked our noses through the wires, but he was a very busy dog and had lots of things to attend to.

My mother was very beautiful, with the loveliest soft brown eyes and the longest, silki-

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

est ears and quite the crookedest front legs you ever saw. (You see, in my family crooked front legs are much admired.) We all loved her very dearly, but I am afraid we caused her a lot of trouble. But she was very fond of us and very proud of us. Sometimes I wished she wasn't so careful about keeping us clean, for lots of times when I wanted to play with my brother and sisters I couldn't because she had to wash me all over. You see, puppies don't like being washed much more than you do; and I heard you making an awful fuss this morning!

We lived very happily in the cage for several weeks. We ate and slept and played, but most of all we ate and slept. At first it must have been funny to see us trying to walk, for our legs were so weak that they just sprawled out under us when we wanted to use them. But it wasn't long before we could run and jump as much as we pleased. I was the big-

PLAY DAYS

gest and the strongest of us all, and I think my mother was every bit as fond of me as she was of my two sisters and my brother, but it *did* seem to me as if I got most of the punishment. Maybe I was the naughtiest one, too!

As we grew older and stronger our mother used to leave us alone for a little while every day, and we didn't like that at all at first. We used to whine and cry and feel very lonesome until she came back. But she always *did* come back, and pretty soon we got to know that she would, and so we didn't mind so much. We had some lovely frolics, we puppies. We used to make believe that we were very cross, and tumble each other over in the sawdust and bite each other's ears and legs and growl such funny little growls!

A man named William looked after us. He wore leather gaiters. They tasted very well. Mother said he was a coachman. He was very kind to us and brought us things to eat and

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

water to drink and petted us a lot. Then there was another man who only came to see us a few times. We didn't like him so well. He was a Doctor and smelled of medicine. He came to see us once when my sister Freya was sick and once when I had an awful pain in my insides. That was later, though, after we were out of the cage and running around in the yard. It was when I ate the harness soap. Mother told me afterwards that it was a mistake to eat any kind of soap. I think she was right.

Then, of course, there was the Master, and the Mistress, and, best of all, the Baby. She wasn't exactly a baby, because she was almost two years old, but every one called her the Baby. We all loved her very much. She used to take us up one by one and kiss us on our noses and call us "Booful dogums" and hug us. Sometimes she hugged so hard it hurt, but we never let her know it. She had

PLAY DAYS

golden hair and blue eyes and two little fat red cheeks and was always laughing. Her real name was Mildred. The Master was a very big man, so big that I could only see to the tops of his riding-boots when I was little. He had a very deep, gruff voice and called us "Those little rascals!" But we knew he didn't mean it and we liked him. But we liked the Baby best of all, and after her the Mistress, who was the Baby's mother. She was quite small for a grown-up and had such a nice voice that we loved to hear it and would all go running to the front of the cage or the yard fence when she came.

The Family—we called the Master, the Mistress and the Baby the Family—lived in the country in a beautiful white house with green blinds that stood on top of a little hill and had trees and fields all around it. There was a pond, too, and a brook that ran out of it. That's where the ducks lived. Ducks are very

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

funny things. Later I'll tell you something about them. There was a stable, as well, and outside the stable was a yard fenced in with wire netting, and in the corner of the yard was what they called the Kennel. That was where I was born. The yard was quite large and after we were allowed to run around in it, we had a fine time. There was so much to see from it: the house and the duck-pond and the country road, with people going by that had to be barked at, and the place where William washed the carriages when the weather was fine, and many other things. Also, there were squirrels in the trees, and birds, too. And there was Ju-Ju.

CHAPTER II

WHAT WE LEARNED

JU-JU was a cat. She was grey, like smoke, and had a bushy tail and long hair and yellow eyes. I don't think yellow eyes are very pretty, do you? None of us ever liked Ju-ju very much, although we soon got to respect her. She was very vain of her long hair and thick tail and used to spend hours doing nothing but washing herself. Cats are very lazy, I think, and waste too much time on themselves. Once I asked Mother what cats were for and she sighed and said she used to think they were to chase but she had changed her mind and thought now they were just to look at. Mother had a place on her nose like a scratch where the hair never grew and sometimes I've wondered whether Ju-ju made it.

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME



She used
to think
they were
to chase

When we first got out into the yard Ju-ju used to come and jump on top of one of the fence-posts and look down at us just as though we were funny and strange. That used to make us very angry and we would bark and jump at the post for the longest time. But of course we couldn't reach her and after awhile she would blink and blink at us and then go to sleep up there! Cats are very an-

WHAT WE LEARNED

noying. They're almost as bad as ducks!

We were born in the Spring and lived in the yard until we were four months old. Then my brother, whose name was Franz, and one of my sisters, whose name was Franzchen, left us. They went away off to live in the city and Freya and I were quite lonely at first, and our mother felt very badly about it. But she told us that they had gone to live with some nice, kind people and would be very happy, and after that we didn't feel so badly about it.

After Franz and Franzchen left us we were no longer kept in the Kennel yard, but were allowed to go anywhere we pleased—except the house. We weren't allowed in the house, but sometimes we got in. When we did we scampered straight for

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at

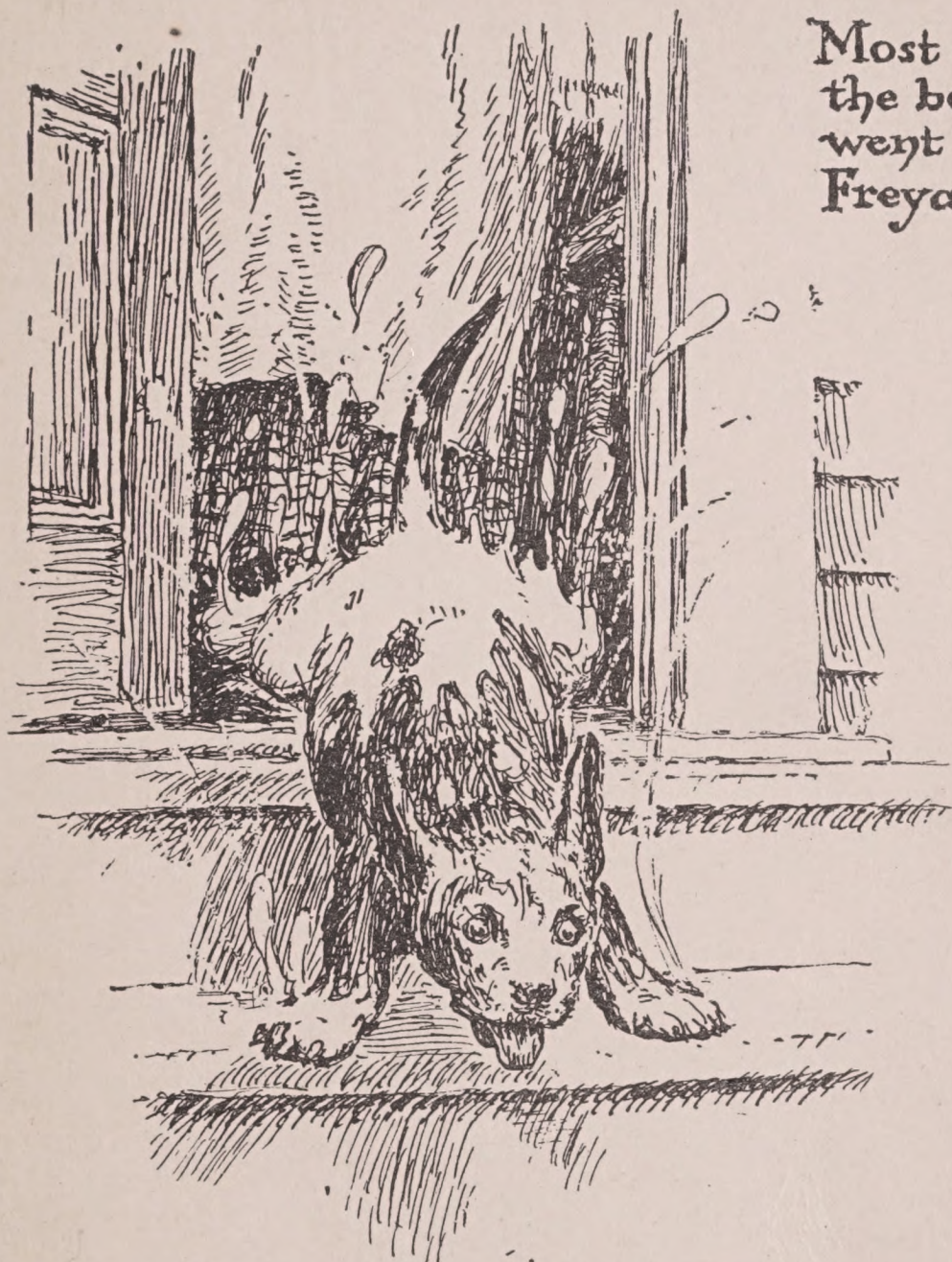


THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

the kitchen. The first time we did it Cook had a tin dish filled with cake-batter in her hand and when we ran at her and barked and jumped up on her she was so surprised and scared that she cried "Saints presarve us!" and dropped the dish. Most of the batter went on Freya and she ran out as quick as she could go, much more frightened than Cook, and I after her. We had a fine time licking the batter off. It was nice and sweet and sticky and lasted all day. Father was quite angry with us, but Mother said "Puppies will be puppies."

After that it was very hard to get in the kitchen, and when we did get in Cook would drive us out with a broom. Of course we tried not to go and made believe we didn't know what she meant when she cried "Shoo!" and "Scat!" We would run under the tables and into the pantry and quite often she would have to coax us out with pieces of meat or something nice. It was very exciting. If we thought she really meant to hit us with the broom we

Most of
the batter
went on
Freya



THE END OF THE
JOURNALS OF
J. R.

WHAT WE LEARNED

would lie on our backs with our feet in the air and pretend we were awfully frightened. Then Delia, who was the maid and a great friend of ours, would say "Oh, the poor little dears. Don't you dare hit them, Mary McGuire!" Then we would have a piece of cake each and Delia would pet us and put us outside.

Father was a very busy dog and had a great many things to look after. He always went to drive with our Mistress and sat very straight and fine beside William on the front seat. Then, too, he had to help William do all sorts of things, like wash the carriages and feed the chickens and ducks and cut the grass and rake the leaves. He must have been a great comfort to William.

Mother had her paws full looking after us most of that summer and so she was not able to help much with the work. Of course she kept watch and taught us to, and we soon learned who to bark at and who not. When

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

the man from the butcher's came Mother always made it a point to be very polite to him. She wagged her tail and sniffed his boots and followed him around to the kitchen door. He smelled very nice. Sometimes he gave us small pieces of meat and we were always glad to see him. But when a tramp or a pedlar came Mother barked and the hair stood up all along her back. We soon learned to do the same and tramps didn't very often come much farther than the gate.

Of course we learned a great many other things too. Such as to stand on our hind legs and beg when we wanted anything and not get under the feet of the horses and keep away from the carriage wheels. Once a wheel went over the end of my tail and it hurt a good deal and I crawled into a stall and cried. Mother came and told me I was too old to cry and that it would teach me to keep out of the way.

Another thing we learned was not to jump up on the Baby. We did it because we loved

WHAT WE LEARNED

her and wanted to lick her face, but she always tumbled over. That was because she only had two legs and was no fault of ours. Once when she tumbled she struck her head against something hard and cried dreadfully. We licked her face as hard as we could to comfort her, because that is what Mother always did to us when we were hurt, but it didn't seem to do her much good. Then William came running up and cuffed us pretty hard and picked Baby up. I don't think he should have punished us, but maybe he didn't understand. After that we didn't do it any more.

Another thing we soon learned was to let Ju-ju alone. One day, soon after we were allowed to go where we liked, Freya and I came across Ju-ju in the kitchen yard. She was fast asleep and we thought it would be great fun to jump at her and bark. So we did it and she woke up awfully quick and scratched me on the nose and chased Freya half-way to the stable. Cats can't take a joke.

CHAPTER III

PUPPY TROUBLES

WE learned a good deal about what was good to eat and what wasn't, too. Once Delia left a tin pan filled with some whitish stuff on the back steps and I ate quite a lot of it before she came out and found what I was doing. When she did she cried "Cook! Cook! One of the Puppies has eaten the starch!" Of course I went right away, as I didn't want to have any trouble about it, and pretty soon I felt very funny inside and crawled into a stall where it was quiet and dark. But William found me after a while and made me swallow something that didn't taste at all nice and pretty soon I felt better. I didn't think it was very kind of Delia to tell William what I had done, but maybe it was all for the best, because

PUPPY TROUBLES

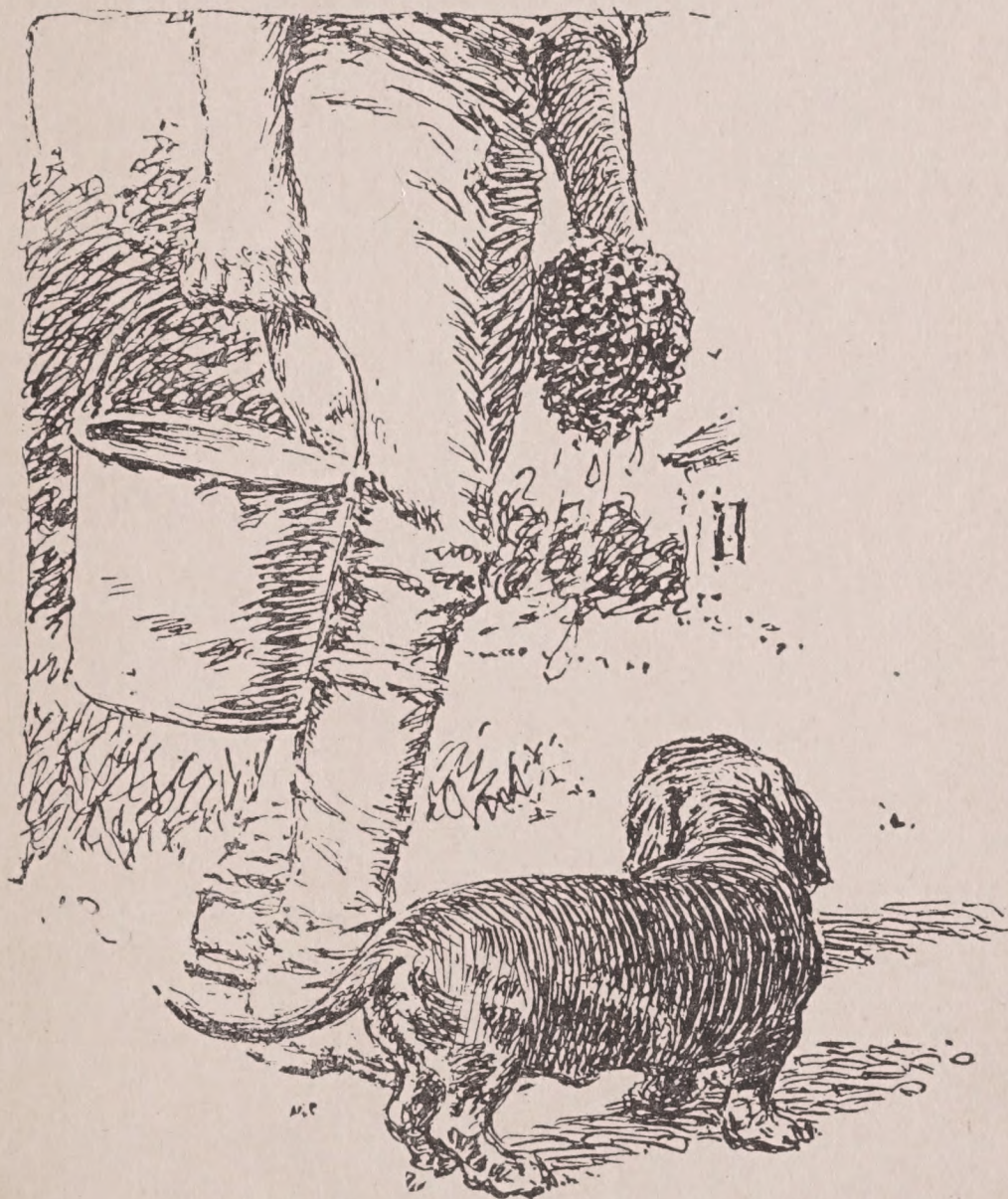
until he made me swallow the nasty medicine I was pretty sure I was going to die. Starch and soap taste all right but they aren't good for puppies. I found that out.

It seems that we all have to learn a lot of things by what Mother calls "sad experience." Like bees. Bees look very much like flies but they're different. Once Freya and I saw some bees going in and out of a tiny hole in the ground back of the stable. They were very large bees and growled. We wondered why they went into the hole and so we scratched at it to find out. While we were doing it quite a lot of bees came out and Freya gave a yelp and began to paw at her nose. She looked so funny that I laughed at her and asked why she did it. Then I gave a yelp and forgot all about Freya. Those bees were very angry and sat down on us wherever our hair was thin, and every time they sat down they scratched. We didn't stay there long, I can tell you! We

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

ran as fast as we could run, but the bees flew right along with us and chased us way down to the duck-pond. By that time I had five scratches and Freya had four and they hurt a good deal and swelled up. We licked the scratches and whined and after a while we rolled over in the mud at the edge of the pond and that made them feel better. But they didn't stop hurting for a long time. After that if a bee came *buzz-buzzing* around us we always made believe we didn't see it. But we got up very quietly and moved away.

Then there are balls. Some balls are nice to play with and chew on. They are made of rubber. William had one and he used to throw it, and Freya and I, and sometimes Mother and Father, too, would scamper after it and see who could get it and bring it back to him. If Freya got it I always took it away from her, because I am bigger and stronger than she is. Besides, she's only a girl dog!



He had to help William do all Sorts of things

PUPPY TROUBLES

Once Freya found the ball in the harness room, where it had dropped off a shelf, and so she took it out under a tree and chewed on it until there was a hole in it. Then she wanted to see what was in the hole and so she tore the ball all to pieces. There wasn't a thing in it. She ate some of the pieces and that afternoon the Doctor came and stayed quite a long time and Freya was very sick. William got another ball, but Freya would never go near it.

At the side of the house toward the orchard there was a lawn where the Family played a game they called croquet. They had mallets and a lot of different coloured wooden balls and they made the balls roll by hitting them with the mallets. Once Freya and I were there and we chased the balls. The Master laughed at us and said we mustn't do it. But he didn't really care, and the Baby, who was there with Nurse, clapped her hands and thought it was fine fun. So did we. We would run at the

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

balls and bark at them and try to pick them up in our mouths. But we couldn't because they were too big. The Master and Mistress laughed and laughed at us. Then I saw a ball rolling along very fast and I made believe it was a rat and ran for it as hard as I could go. But when I tried to bite it it wouldn't stop but kept right on rolling. And so I rolled too. I rolled several times and when I found my feet I hurried off with a terrible pain in my head. Rubber balls and wooden balls are very different, like flies and bees.

About that time we had our first collars. Mine was black and Freya's was brown. William said that was so people could tell us apart. I thought it was very silly of him because we didn't look at all alike. I was bigger and, if I do say it myself, much finer looking. But that is what he said. The collars had little round brass tags on them and on the tags were numbers. They were quite like the collars

PUPPY TROUBLES

that Father and Mother wore, only a great deal smaller, and we were very proud of them. William put a strap from Freya's collar to mine and then snapped a leash on to the strap and said "Come on." I trotted right along, but Freya sat down and wouldn't budge an inch. So, of course, I had to pull her all the way to the house. It was very hard work for me, and Freya didn't like it much, either. She howled all the way up the drive and William just laughed at her. I was quite ashamed of her for acting so. The Master and Mistress and the Baby came out to see us and I tried to put a good face on it by laughing too, but Freya just howled and howled! Girl dogs are very silly sometimes! Then the Master said:

"Take the leash off, William, and see what they'll do."

So he did and I ran up to the Mistress and Freya tried to run toward the stable. I wasn't going to have that, so I dragged Freya after

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

me and the Baby was between us and the strap upset her into the flower bed. I was sorry about it, but I thought we had better not stay there any longer, so I turned and ran as hard as I could, pulling Freya after me, toward the orchard. The orchard is quite a large place and one needn't be caught there unless one wants to. But Freya, of course, had to spoil it all. When we came to a tree she went on the other side of it and the strap held us there. I told her to come around my side, but she just whimpered and tugged at the strap and paid no attention to what I said. Of course I wasn't going to give in to her whim, so I pulled and pulled and would have pulled her around the right way at last if William hadn't come up just then and caught us. We got a cuffing, which was all Freya's fault for being so obstinate.

CHAPTER IV

WHEN I ATE MY COLLAR

AFTER that William put the strap on us every day for a while and we got used to it. It was all right as soon as Freya understood that she was to go the way I wanted to go. But it took her some time to do it. Freya is very stupid at times. About a week after I got my collar it was the cause of much pain to me. The Baby took it off one day and laid it on the ground. After she had gone I went back and found it. There is something about leather that I like. I didn't mean to do any harm to the collar, but it tasted very good and so I closed my eyes and chewed and chewed and chewed. Freya came and watched me and asked me to give her some.

“You've got a collar of your own,” I growled. “Go away.”

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

"All right," she said. "But you'll catch it. Just you wait!"

She went off to bark at Ju-Ju, who was asleep on a window-sill, and I thought of what she had said. I looked at the collar. It was a very sad looking collar. There wasn't much left except the brass tag. Freya was right; I would catch it if any one saw it. So I took what was left of it and dug a hole in a flower-bed and buried it. Not ten minutes after that the Mistress came out and called me. I made believe I didn't hear her, but it did no good, for she kept on calling me and so I had to go to her. When I got near her I rolled over on my back and whined.

"Why," she said, "you funny dog! I'm not angry with you, even if you didn't come as soon as you should have. You're a nice puppums and—why, where's your collar?"

I didn't say anything, of course. Instead I pounced on a twig and shook it and ran around

WHEN I ATE MY COLLAR

with it in my mouth. I thought perhaps she would forget about the collar. But she didn't even smile.

"Naughty Fritz!" she said. "What have you done with your collar?"

Freya came up and looked at me in a way which said: "There! Now you are in for it! And I'm glad, because you were selfish and wouldn't give me any." And then she trotted over to the Mistress with her tail curled up very proudly as much as to say: "See what a good dog I am! I haven't lost my collar!"

"You wait till I catch you," I growled.

Then the Baby came out and the Mistress said: "Look, Baby, at what a naughty, bad dog Fritz has been. He's lost his nice new collar."

Baby laughed and gurgled. "Collar!" she said.

"Yes, dear, and see how ashamed he looks. Naughty dog!"

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

“Mild’ed tooked it off,” said the Baby.

“You took it off? Oh, you shouldn’t have done that, dear,” said the Mistress. “What did you do with it?”

“Tooked it off!” said the Baby, and clapped her hands.

By that time William had come up, with a rake in his hands, and the Mistress told him about it. William scratched his head, which is what he always does when he tries to think very hard.

“Where were you when you took it off, dear?” asked the Mistress.

The Baby toddled across to the lawn and we all followed her. I pretended to be very much surprised when we found that the collar wasn’t there.

“Are you sure this is the place, dear?” asked the Mistress.

The Baby nodded hard. “Mild’ed tooked off collar!” she cried and looked very proud of

WHEN I ATE MY COLLAR

herself. I hunted all around, but couldn't find anything but a small stone. So I took that to the Mistress, but she just tossed it away. Freya chased it. William scratched his head some more.

"If she took it off him, mum," he said, "it's gone by now. Sure, he chews up everything he finds, he's that de-struct-ive, mum."

I didn't know what "de-struct-ive" meant, but I didn't like the sound of it.

"Oh, I hope not," said the Mistress, looking at me very hard. I turned my head away and made believe I didn't hear. Freya wagged her tail and trotted off to the flower bed. I watched her and growled.

"Well, perhaps we'll find it," said the Mistress. "You'd better look around, William."

"Yes, mum," said William. Then he cried "Hi, there! Stop that!" and ran over to the flower bed where Freya was digging. By the time he got to her she had the collar in her

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

mouth and was holding it out to him, wagging her tail.

“Here it is, mum,” called William. “And all chewed up, mum, just like I said, mum!”

I didn't wait to hear any more, but very quietly slipped away from them and ran for the stable. But William found me. He dragged me out by the scruff of my neck from behind a pile of flower-pots and showed me the collar. Then he—but I don't like to think of what he did. It was very painful. After he had gone I cried myself to sleep behind the flower-pots and slept quite a while. And when I woke up again I didn't come out until I was sure that William had gone to his dinner. I was very hungry, too, but I was afraid to go near the house. So I went off to the meadow and dug up a bone I had buried a long while before. I heard them calling me to come to dinner, but I didn't go. I hoped they would be sorry they had treated me as they had.

We learned
to stand on our
hind legs and beg



WHEN I ATE MY COLLAR

After a while, though, they stopped calling me. So I chewed on my bone, which was very good but a little too dry. Still, when you're very hungry most any bone tastes good. After that I felt much better and set off to find Freya. I met my father in the stable yard and asked him where she was, and he said she was in the kitchen.

"Delia is giving her gingerbread because she found your collar. If you go up there perhaps they'll give you some, too."

"I guess I don't want any," I said.

"You don't deserve any," said Father. "After this you will know better than to eat your collar."

I went on toward the house and lay down behind a bush and waited. After awhile Freya came out looking very pleased with herself. She had a piece of cake in her mouth and went over to the orchard to bury it because she had had so much already she couldn't eat it.

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

I followed her, keeping away from the house, and went up to her very quietly while she was digging a hole. When she saw me she dropped the cake and tried to run, but I got her. . . .

Afterwards I ate the cake.

Of course Freya told Mother that I had hurt her. She's such a tattle-tale! When I went back to the stable Mother wanted to punish me, but Father said: "No, Freya deserved what she got. She should not have told on Fritz." So Mother said we were both very bad children and we must go to the Kennel and stay there until we could behave. So we went. After a while Freya crawled over to me and licked my ear and said she was sorry. I just growled. So then she licked the other ear and said she was sorry again, and I forgave her and we made it up and went off together to the pond to hunt frogs.

A day or two later William came with another collar and wanted to put it on me, but I

WHEN I ATE MY COLLAR

ran as fast as I could and hid behind the flower-pots again. I don't know why I always went there when I wanted to hide, because William always found me right away, just as he did this time. I whined a little when he pulled me out, but he patted me and rubbed my neck and said he wasn't going to hurt me.

"Look at the fine new collar I have for you," he said. "Hold still now till I get it on."

So I held still, as still as I could for trembling, and he put it around my neck and buckled it.

"There, now," he said. "Aren't you the proud puppy? Sure, it looks fine on you. Run along now and show it to your father and mother. But don't you be eating it up, mind!"

Just as though I would! Why, I've hated the taste of collars ever since!

CHAPTER V

HOW I DUG FOR A BADGER

NEXT door to us was a dog named Jack. There was a wide field between our house and Jack's and so he lived quite a way from us. But he used to come over to our place pretty often and after we got big we went over to see him. Jack and Father were great friends and used to go hunting together. Jack was a pointer and the first time I saw him I asked Mother what sort of an animal he was, because as he was so different from us I didn't think of his being a dog too. He had very long legs and was white with brown spots, one on each side of his head and one on each side of his body and a little one where his tail began. He was dreadfully big, ten times as big as Father, and I was afraid of him at first. But I need

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not have been, for he was a very nice, kind dog.

He was what the Family called a "bird dog." When his Master went out with a gun to hunt partridges or grouse Jack would go ahead and scent the birds in the grass or bushes, and then he would stand very still, with his tail pointing straight out behind him and his nose pointing straight out in front of him, and his Master would know that there were partridges ahead and say "Hie on!" Then Jack would creep on very quietly and all of a sudden the birds would fly up in the air and his Master's gun would go *bang-bang!* and then there would be partridges for dinner. I thought it was very clever of Jack and wondered why Father didn't hunt birds too. I asked Mother about it once and she said:

"Every dog to his trade, my dear. Jack is a pointer and pointers were made to hunt birds. Your father is a dachshund and dachshunds

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were made to hunt badgers and rabbits and animals that live underground. Jack is a very fine dog, but he couldn't dig out a badger or a fox or even a rabbit."

"Oh," I said, "could Father do that?"

"Of course, and so can I; and so can you when you grow up. That's why you are made as you are. Badgers and foxes live in holes that they make far under the ground. The holes are small and they turn and twist, and that's why your body is made so long and your legs so short; so that you can follow a fox or a badger into his hole."

"What is a badger?" I asked.

"A badger," said Mother, "is a very savage animal, much larger than your father. He lives underground and comes out at night to hunt. He has short legs and very long claws and a long nose. He catches smaller animals and eats them and sometimes he steals the farmer's chickens. He has a very loose skin,

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just like yours, that is covered with fine grey hairs. Folks make brushes out of the hairs. The brush the Master lathers his face with in the morning when he shaves is made of badger hair and the brush that William used the other day to paint the old wagon with is made of it too."

"I wish I could catch a badger," I said. Mother smiled.

"The first time you found one at the end of his tunnel you might wish differently," she said. "Badgers fight hard, with tooth and claw, my dear."

"Are they more savage than foxes?" I asked.

"Yes, but no braver. A fox has only his teeth to fight with but he makes good use of them."

"I wouldn't be afraid," I boasted. "Are there any badgers or foxes about here?"

"Foxes, yes, but no badgers that I have ever heard of."

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"There are rabbits, though," I said. "Some day I shall catch me a rabbit."

"I hope not, my dear. Rabbits are harmless and they can't fight underground. We have no quarrel with rabbits, we dachshunds."

"Then," I said, "I'll have to find a fox."

"It will be a good while before you are big enough to bring a fox out of his hole," said Mother. "Some day, though, you shall try it, perhaps. You have good digging paws, Fritz."

"They—they're awfully big," I said.

"As they should be, my dear. They're made for digging. Each one is a little shovel, or, rather, a hoe. When you go into a hole that isn't big enough you begin to dig. And that is why your front legs are made so crooked. If they were straight you would throw the dirt right under you. As they are, with your feet turning out, they throw the dirt on each side of you, out of your way."

HOW I DUG FOR A BADGER

"I'm glad you told me that," I said, "because I've always wondered about my legs and feet and been a little ashamed of them. They seemed so funny and crooked and big. Now I see that they are just as they should be." I looked at my feet quite proudly. "I guess," I said, "I'll go and dig a hole somewhere."

"Very well," said Mother, stretching herself out to go to sleep, "but keep away from the flower beds, Fritz."

So I found a field-mouse hole at the root of an apple tree in the orchard and dug and dug and had got down so far that only my tail was sticking out when Freya came along.

"What are you doing?" she asked. She might have seen for herself that I was digging a hole, but she is always asking silly questions like that.

"I'm digging for a badger," I said. "Want to help?"

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"Oh, yes, indeed!" cried Freya. "Is there really a badger down there?"

"Never you mind," I said. "You don't suppose I'd be digging a hole as deep as this one if there wasn't something there, do you?" So I crawled out and Freya got in and went to work. I looked on a minute and then I said:

"You don't dig very well, do you? I suppose your feet aren't big enough."

"They're as big as yours," said Freya, stopping to rest.

"Then you don't know how to use them," I said. "Digging is an art, and not every dachshund knows how."

"Humph!" said Freya. "Let me see you do it, then."

So I got back in the hole and dug as hard as ever I could, and the dirt just flew out, I tell you! "There," I said at last, much out of breath, "that's the way to do it!"

HOW I DUG FOR A BADGER

But when I looked around, would you believe it, that silly dog had gone! And there was William hurrying up with a stick in his hand.

“What do you think you’re doing?” he cried, real crossly. “Trying to dig up that apple tree? Get out o’ that, you pesky critter!”

So I got out in a big hurry and ran off around the house and down to the stable and crept behind the flower-pots. For once William didn’t find me and, as I was very tired, I went to sleep and dreamed that I had crawled down a long, long hole in the ground and that in front of me was a horrible grey badger with long teeth and glaring yellow eyes and great sharp claws. And when I tried to turn around and run out I couldn’t because the hole was too small, and when I tried to back out I couldn’t because the dirt had fallen in around me. And the badger said: “Hah, you’re the smart young dog who said he wanted to catch

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a badger, aren't you?" And I said: "N-no, sir, that—that was my brother." "You're fibbing," said the badger, "and for that I shall eat you all up. *Raow!*" Then he crept toward me and just as he reached out one great big paw with dozens and dozens of ugly, sharp claws I woke up with a howl, shivering and shaking! And, oh, my, wasn't I glad to see those flower-pots and know that I was in the stable and not in a long, deep hole with a badger coming at me! I ran out and found Mother and cuddled up very close to her and told her my dream. She just smiled and licked my eyes and pretty soon I went to sleep again in the sunlight.

He was
what the
Family called
a "bird dog"



CHAPTER VI

THE FROG WHO WAS A TOAD

WHEN I thought about it afterwards it seemed strange that I should not be allowed to dig holes when digging holes was what I was for. But every time I did it some one, William or the Master or the Mistress, came up and said "No, no, Fritz! Naughty dog! Mustn't dig up the ground." It was most discouraging. (Discouraging is a long word, and if you don't know what it means I shan't tell you. Any one as old as you are ought to know.) Freya never got in trouble that way. She didn't seem to care much for doing the things I did, like digging for badgers in the orchard or for foxes on the front lawn. (I know now that I should not have expected to find a fox under the lawn, but then one place seemed as

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good as another.) Freya liked to stay around the back door and look hungry and coax Delia or Cook to give her things to eat. When she wasn't doing that she was most always asleep somewhere. She got very fat and lazy and it was all I could do to get her to go hunting with me. She wasn't much good at hunting, anyway. She always got tired just when the fun began.

We used to go down to the pond and the brook and hunt frogs. Frogs aren't good to eat, but it is a lot of fun chasing them. You creep up on them very quietly along the edge of the pond and try to get them before they can jump back into the water. Most always you miss them, because their eyes are in the wrong place, being on the top of their head, and they can see behind them. But sometimes you catch one. When you do you play with it awhile and let it go. Freya, though, never would play with them. She said they

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were ugly-looking and she didn't like the smell of them. Girl-dogs are like that, though, sort of finicky and fussy about little things.

You wouldn't think that such a silly, no-account animal as a frog could get a decent dog into trouble, would you? It can, though, and it did. And I was the dog. I'll tell you about it because it may be a warning to you some time when you are hunting frogs.

One afternoon when it was very hot weather and we had all kept very quiet in the shade most of the day I got tired of keeping still and told Freya to get up and we'd hunt frogs. She didn't want to at all, being, as I've said, fat and lazy, but I nipped her ear and made her. So we trotted down the road and across the meadow, and when we were still a long way from the pond I saw a frog. I told Freya to be quiet and then I stole ahead very softly and there he was in the grass just sitting and looking at me out of two big goggly eyes.

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He was quite different from any frog I'd ever seen before, being fatter and uglier and having more warts.

Freya whispered, "Oh, isn't he horrid? Don't touch him, Fritz!" But I wasn't going to let any frog make faces at me and so I jumped for him and caught him. He tried to get away but I took him in my mouth and shook him just in play, of course, and then—Oh dear, the most awful thing happened! The inside of my mouth got on fire and I dropped that frog and ran as hard as ever I could run to the pond and stuck my head right into the water!

But water didn't do much good. My mouth and my tongue were hot and stingy and smarty and felt just as though they were burning up. I drank water and shook my head and pawed my mouth and howled just as loud as I could. Freya ran around and asked what the matter was and got awfully excited.

THE FROG WHO WAS A TOAD

I was too busy trying to stop the pain to tell her what was wrong. Besides, when I wasn't gulping water or pawing at my mouth I was howling! Father and Mother heard me and came running down to the pond. But I couldn't tell them what the matter was and so Freya showed them the frog. I was still sitting up to my neck in the pond and howling frightfully when they came back.

"Stop making that noise," said Father, "and keep your mouth in the water."

So I did it and whimpered instead of howled and my mouth began to feel better. But my tongue was swollen all up and when I tried to talk I just made funny noises. After a while I crawled out of the pond and shook myself, feeling sort of ashamed because I had made such a fuss. But Mother licked my face, and Freya, who had been lying nearby whining, came running up and leaped about and barked. Even Father seemed sorry for me.

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Then he took us back to the frog, which was still sitting where I had left him, and said:

“Have a good look at him, children.”

So we looked at the frog and the frog blinked at us and seemed to be laughing. I growled and backed away from him.

“The next time you take a frog in your mouth,” said Father, “be sure it *is* a frog and not a toad. Toads are very unhealthy for dogs and that thing there is a toad. When you took him up he put poison in your mouth. It was a good thing you were near the pond, for water is the only thing I know of that will help. I heard of a dog once who was poisoned by a frog and there was no water around and so he ran for home. The poison made froth in his mouth and Two-Legged Folks thought he was mad and a policeman tried to shoot him. Luckily for him the policeman aimed wrong and the dog got away. Now do you think you will know a toad the next time you see one?”

THE FROG WHO WAS A TOAD

I said I was sure of it and then we went home and I crawled behind the flower-pots and stayed there a long time. I didn't want any supper that day. You wouldn't have wanted any, either, if your mouth had felt the way mine did. I think it is quite wrong to have things look so much alike as frogs and toads do; and flies and bees, too. How is a puppy to know?

When it was almost dark I crept out from behind the flower-pots and went to get a drink of water. Ju-Ju was outside, playing with a beetle, and when she saw me she grinned. She must have found out somehow about that toad. I hate cats.

CHAPTER VII

THE CROSS DUCK

THE next day my mouth and tongue were quite well once more, but it was more than a week before I got brave enough to hunt frogs again. In fact, I have never cared for frog-hunting very much since, and I only did it after that just to show Freya that I wasn't afraid to. But I couldn't get her to go with me. She's rather a coward, Freya is. Just look at the time I scared the duck! The way she acted then made me quite ashamed of her!

That was months before I made the mistake about the toad and I was younger and sillier. I told you that there were ducks on our place. Well, they lived in a house next door to where the chickens were, and in the day time they all waddled out as soon as Wil-

THE CROSS DUCK

liam opened the gate for them and went down to the pond. They are stupid things, ducks. They don't do anything all day long but waddle around and wag their tails and eat and swim and say "quack!" I don't know what "quack" means and I don't believe they do, for they always say it just the same way and no matter what happens. If they see William with their dinner they say "quack" and if they see a chicken-hawk sailing about they say "quack" and if I so much as look at them—from a distance—they say "quack" just the same. I don't believe "quack" means a thing. They just want you to think it does.

Well, one day I was trotting around by myself looking for something to do when I caught sight of a duck sitting in the grass on the side of the brook quite a ways beyond the pond. She didn't see me because she had her head hidden under her wing in the silly way ducks have. It had been a very dull day so far and I

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wanted some fun. So I thought it would be a good joke to creep up on Mrs. Duck and give her a good scare and see if she would say anything more than just "Quack!"

Well, I did. I crept up very, very softly and when I was about two feet away I said "*Bow-wow!*" as loudly as I could. Mrs. Duck gave a start, pulled her head out and said "*Quack!*" much louder than I had said "*Bow-wow!*" And then, before I knew what she was up to, she spread her wings very wide and jumped right at me!

It—well, it sort of surprised me, because I didn't know ducks did that. Besides, with her wings all spread open like that and her mouth very wide open, too, she looked almost as big as ten ducks! So—so I sort of backed away, not because I was afraid of her but just because I was so surprised. Besides, I'd had my fun and was ready to go away, anyhow. But she didn't seem to understand that it was all just

All of a sudden
I backed right
over the side of
the bank into
the brook!



THE CROSS DUCK

a joke and she came right at me, saying “*Quack! Quack! Quack!*” quite crossly. So I kept on backing away, and the faster I backed the faster she came for me and the louder she “quacked!”

I don’t know exactly how it happened, but I got between Mrs. Duck and the brook. I didn’t know it, of course, or I should have backed another way. Another thing I didn’t know—and I wished I had known it—was that she had a nest full of eggs there and was hatching out some little ducks. If I had known that I would not have gone near her. But I didn’t know it until afterwards. So I kept on backing and she kept on “quacking” and making dabs at me with her yellow bill and flapping her wings and all of a sudden I backed right over the side of the bank into the brook!

There was not much water in the brook and I sat right down in a lot of soft, sticky mud.

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

Of course I tried to get out, but the more I tried the faster I stuck in that nasty mud. And all the time that horrid, quarrelsome duck stood on the bank and said "Quack!" and scolded me. I was afraid she might come in after me, and that is why I tried so very hard to get out. But she didn't. She just stood there and said a lot of mean things to me while the mud got stickier and stickier. And then I howled. Any one would have howled. I didn't howl because I was afraid. I howled because I couldn't get my feet out of the mud. No dog likes to be stuck in horrid black mud. Pretty soon Freya came and looked over the edge of the bank at me. But she didn't come very near where Mrs. Duck stood.

"Why," she said, "what are you doing down there, Fritz? William will be very angry with you for getting so dirty. You'd better come right out and take a bath in the pond before you go home."

THE CROSS DUCK

"I can't get out!" I howled. "I'm stuck in this mud. Help me!"

But Freya looked at the duck, who was still "quacking" at a great rate, and shook her head.

"I—I'm afraid of her," said Freya.

"Afraid of a duck!" I said. "Well, I'd be ashamed to own it!" But I kept a watch on the duck because I was afraid she might understand what I said. She didn't though. "Bark at her and scare her away," I told Freya. "She—she won't hurt you. Ducks are great cowards."

But Freya shook her head again. "I—I don't like her looks," she said. "Couldn't you—couldn't you pull yourself out if you tried very hard?"

"No, I couldn't," I snapped. "If I could I wouldn't be here now. If you can't help me out of here you'd better run home and tell Mother. You're an awful scare-baby!"

So Freya walked two or three steps toward

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the duck and said "Bow-wow!" just as if she was frightened to death, which she was, and the duck paid no attention to her at all. Then Freya went a little nearer and barked again. That time Mrs. Duck heard her and turned around and made straight for her. Freya gave one awful yelp, tucked her tail between her legs and flew. And the duck went after her, flapping her wings and "quacking!" And somehow just then I managed to get a front paw on a stone at the side of the brook and dragged myself out. And when I got to the top of the bank Freya was half-way across the meadow, still yelping, and Mrs. Duck was waddling back again.

I didn't stay there long, I can tell you. Not that I was afraid of that stupid old duck, but I wanted to get the mud off me before it dried on. So I hurried back to the pond. But when I got there it was full of other ducks and they looked at me so queerly that I thought

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I'd better not go into the pond after all. So I sneaked back to the stable, thinking I'd get behind the flower-pots before any one could see me. But just as I came to the door who should come out but William!

"*Well!*" he said, just like that; "*Well!*" I made a dash for the corner where the flower-pots were and got there, but he hauled me right out by my neck and held me at arm's length and looked at me. "I never see a dirtier pup," he said. "Where have you been?" Of course I didn't tell him and he said: "Well, wherever you've been I know where you're going. You're going into the tub!"

What followed was awful. William filled the tub in the stable half-full of cold water and put me in it. I thought at first I would drown, but he held me up with one hand and lathered me all over with harness soap with the other. And then he took a horrid, stiff brush and scrubbed me until it hurt. The soap

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got in my eyes and smarted and it got into my mouth and tasted badly, and all the time William scolded.

I had to cry a little. You'd have cried too. I've heard you cry when Nurse got soap in your eyes, and you needn't pretend you haven't. Besides, it was all very unfair. I didn't want to fall in the mud and get dirty. It was all that duck's fault. But William just blamed it all on me without trying to find out how it really happened, and I had to suffer. Once I caught sight of Freya peeking around the corner of the door and I said to myself: "Just you wait till I get out of here, if I ever do, and see what will happen to you, Miss!"

But when, after a long, long time, William thought he could not get any more dirt off me and so put me out on the floor, and when I had shaken myself half a dozen times, felt so good that I forgot all about the way Freya

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had behaved and ran circles and barked until I was almost dry. Then I found a nice warm spot against the side of the stable and went to sleep.

But even if I did forgive Freya that time you can see that she behaved very badly and is not at all brave. Still, I suppose that being a girl dog has a lot to do with it. You mustn't expect a girl-dog to be as brave as a boy-dog.

That was my first real bath. I've had many since then and I've grown to put up with them just as one must put with castor-oil and pills. But I'm sure I shall never get fond of them. I don't mind wading in the pond or even swimming a little, but baths are quite different. Besides, I am not a water-dog, like a spaniel or a retriever, and folks ought to think of that. They don't, though. About once a month I have to go through with it, and the mere sight of a cake of soap quite takes my

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appetite away for hours. I once heard the Mistress tell the man who comes for the laundry that she wanted something “dry-cleaned.” I wonder why dogs can’t be dry-cleaned too!

CHAPTER VIII

THE OLD LADY WHO DIDN'T LIKE DOGS

ARE you scared of thunder storms? I am, too. Well, not exactly scared, maybe, but I—I don't like them very well. I don't mind the lightning so much, but the thunder is very noisy and it affects my nerves. I am quite a nervous dog. All highly-bred dogs are nervous, you know. And when you can trace your family back for dozens of years, the way I can, you have every right to dislike thunder. Perhaps you didn't know I had such a long pedigree? Mother told us all about it once. We are descended from Hansel von Konigsberg, who was the Champion of all Germany for many years and quite the finest dachshund that ever lived. He won all sorts of prizes wherever he was shown and was a very fine, proud

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dog. Every one in Germany knows about Hansel von Konigsberg. Mother says it is a fine thing to be descended from such a dog and that I should always try to live up to it. Well, that isn't telling about the time I got under the bed in the guest-room when there was a thunder storm, is it?

There were visitors at the house, and one was an elderly lady who wore a black silk dress and had her eye-glasses on a little stick. When she saw us puppies she held the glasses up to her eyes and looked at us just as though we were something quite strange. "Dear me," she said, "what ugly little things. What are they?" The Master laughed and told her we were dachshund puppies. "You mean they're dogs?" she asked. "Why, they look like alligators! Don't let them come near me, please. I never could stand dogs, anyway, and these are quite—quite disgusting!"

Neither Freya or I knew then what an alli-

THE OLD LADY WHO DIDN'T LIKE DOGS

gator was, but we didn't like the sound of it. Besides, she had said we were ugly and disgusting. So I looked at Freya and Freya looked at me and we made a rush for the old Lady Who Didn't Like Dogs and jumped all over her. Of course we made believe we were awfully pleased to see her, but we weren't. She gave a screech and dropped her eyeglasses. They were on a black ribbon, though, and so they didn't break. But I got the ribbon in my teeth and laid back and pulled and growled, and Freya took hold of the old lady's skirt and shook it. And all the time the old lady said "Shoo! Shoo, you nasty little brutes! Oh, somebody take them away!"

So the Master caught me and made believe spank me and the Mistress caught Freya and told her she was a naughty dog, and we both ran off, making believe we were very sorry and scared, and the old lady hurried into the house.

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

Afterward Freya and I laid down under the lilac hedge and talked it over. We decided that we didn't like the old lady and that we'd wait there until she came out again to see the garden and then we'd make another dash for her and scare her again. But she didn't come back and it was pretty hot and so we both fell fast asleep there.

When we woke up it was quite late in the afternoon and the sky was cloudy and there was a rumbling noise that sounded like thunder. Freya whined and said she was afraid. I told her not to be a silly; that thunder never hurt any one. She said the lightning might, though, and she was going to the stable and crawl under the hay. She wanted me to go with her, but of course it would not have done to let Freya think I was frightened too, and so I said, No, I was going to stay where I was. Freya ran to the stable and just when she got to it there was a most awful crash of

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thunder and I forgot how brave I was and looked for a place to hide.

Well, William had taken the screen-door off that morning, to mend a place Freya and I had torn in the wire, and the other door happened to be open. So I looked around very carefully and then ran into the big room. Just then there was more thunder and a flash of lightning and I hid under the couch. But I knew that wouldn't do because some one would surely find me there and put me out. So I listened and didn't hear any one and went upstairs very quietly. And when I got to the top of the stairs there was a door open and I went in and crept under the bed. It was nice and dark there and I couldn't see the lightning. But every time it thundered I trembled and whined and had a pretty bad time of it. I could hear the rain drumming on the tin roof outside, and it seemed to me that the storm lasted for hours. But after a while it stopped and the thunder

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got farther and farther away and at last it died out in little growls and grumbles and I rolled over on my side and went to sleep, quite worn out.

When I awoke I heard some one moving around in the room and just to be friendly I thumped my tail on the floor. Then some one came near the bed and looked under. It was too dark to see who the person was, but I thumped harder than before, and, will you believe it, it was that Old Lady Who Didn't Like Dogs! She gave a most horrible scream and just flew through the door into the hall. Why, she almost scared me out of a year's growth! She cried "Help! Help! There's some one under my bed!" and I heard the Master shout from his room and come running. And the first thing I knew the room was full of folks and the old lady was telling how she had heard a noise and had looked down and seen two "fierce yellow eyes glaring at her." Delia

THE OLD LADY WHO DIDN'T LIKE DOGS
shouted "'Tis a burglar, mum! We'll all be murdered, sir!" But the Master told her to be quiet.

"I dare say it is only the cat," he said, and then he knelt down and looked under the bed and I thumped my tail harder than ever and the Master sat right down on the floor and laughed and laughed! Then the Mistress said:

"What is it, George? Do stop that silly laughing! Is it Ju-ju?"

So the Master reached in and pulled me out by the scruff of my neck and held me up. "Here's your burglar," he said. And then they all laughed; all except the Old Lady Who Didn't Like Dogs. She was very angry about it.

"I am glad you all think it so funny," she said with a sniff. "For my part I fail to see the humour. And what is more I refuse to remain in a house where I am to be pestered by dogs and scared out of my wits every min-

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ute. I'm thankful my trunk is not fully unpacked."

But she didn't go, after all, for which Freya and I were sorry. And even though we stayed around the house a lot in the hope that she would come out so we could run at her and jump on her, she didn't once set her foot off the piazza, and all we could do was get close to the screen and growl at her. The Mistress said: "It's too bad you don't like dogs, Miss Mumford, they're such company for one, and living alone as you do a dog would be a great comfort to you. Just see the little dears begging to be let in. Wasn't it funny how they took to you at once the day you came? They seem quite fond of you."

And the Mistress glanced at me and then smiled at the thing she was sewing on. And Freya and I looked at each other and laughed. And the old lady who didn't like dogs said "Humph!" Just like that.

CHAPTER IX

THE LITTLE BOY FROM THE CITY

MORE company came after that. It was in the Fall, when the leaves were turning to beautiful colours and falling off the trees and when the mornings and nights were quite cool and the best place to take a nap was in the stable doorway where the sun shone warmly on the floor. Freya and I were about six months old then and were getting to be pretty big for puppies. We weren't as big as Father or Mother, but when we romped with either of them Freya and I together could do just about as we pleased with them. Lots of times Mother used to run away from us because we were so strong that we could roll her over on her back and bite her and shake her until she yelped.

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

Others had grown up, too. All the fluffy little yellow chicks that Freya and I used to watch through the chicken yard wires were quite big, almost as big as their parents. And all the little ducklings had grown up into ducks and could say "Quack!" just like their mothers and fathers. In the garden the flowers had gone, all but a few, and it was a great relief to me. I was always very fond of flowers and liked to pick them and eat them, but William didn't like me to and would get after me whenever he caught me at it. I got a lot of cuffings on account of my love for flowers. I couldn't understand why it was they were so selfish with them when they had so many. It seemed to me that one or two more or less would not have made any difference. But Two-Legged Folks are peculiar in many ways. They aren't nearly so sensible as dogs.

Even the Baby was getting bigger and older. She could talk quite nicely by Fall, although

THE LITTLE BOY FROM THE CITY

you had to listen very closely to understand all she said. You see, she talked very quickly and ran her words together. It was the Baby who told me about the company coming. It was one morning on the piazza. The screens had been taken off then and the Baby and I were in the hammock together. Freya didn't like the hammock. She said it made her feel funny inside when it swung. I did, though. It was full of nice soft cushions and I was very proud when I found one day that I could jump up on it all by myself and didn't have to be lifted up or pulled up any more. Well, the Baby and I were there together, swinging, and she was pulling my ears the way she liked to do, and chatting all the time. I wasn't paying very much attention to what she was saying because I was a little bit sleepy. It always makes me sleepy to have my ears pulled. Well, pretty soon the Baby said:

“Booful little boy's coming to play wiv Mil-

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d'ed. All way f'om City. Coming to-day, I dess."

I pricked up my ears then. At least, I pricked up one of them, the one that wasn't being pulled. I had never seen a little boy very near, but I had heard Mother speak of them and from what she had said I didn't think I should like them. So I didn't look very pleased at what the Baby said. Perhaps she saw it, for she went on:

"Is very nice little boy. Is coming all way f'om City to play wiv Mild'ed. Little boy's name is A'fed."

I thought Afed was a very silly name for any one, even a boy. I found out afterwards that his name was Alfred, but I didn't like it much better. I hoped he would be nicer than his name. The Baby talked on about him for a long time and I pretended to listen. Finally I got tired hearing about him and jumped down and went away. I made up my mind

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that I wasn't going to like A'fred, and when I told Freya she made up her mind she wasn't going to like him either. We decided that we would bite his legs when he came.

William drove to the railway station to meet Alfred and his mother, and Freya went along. William was very partial to Freya and used to take her with him quite often. He took me once and said he would never do it again because I barked at everything I saw and fell out of the carriage. I didn't mean to fall out, though, and it hurt a good deal. Anyhow, he took Freya with him that day and I found a warm place on a flower bed beside the house and waited for them to come back. William didn't like to have us lie on the flower beds, even after the flowers were through blooming, but I knew he wouldn't see me and I meant to go away when I heard the carriage coming up the drive.

But it was so warm there and the earth

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smelled so nice that I fell asleep. When I woke up the first thing I did was to howl and the next thing to run. Because William had come back without my hearing him and had crept over to me, and what had wakened me up was the carriage whip! I thought it was rather a mean thing to surprise me like that. When I had stopped hurting and running I looked back and there was the little boy with Freya in his arms going into the house. And, would you believe it, Freya was actually licking his face! Isn't that like a girl-dog, to break her promise the very first thing? Just pat Freya and she thinks you are perfectly lovely and follows you all around. For my part, I'd have more self-respect and pride. Folks can't make friends with me by just patting my head and saying "Nice doggie!" No, sir!

I was quite disgusted with Freya and I told her so later.

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Alfred's mother was a very sweet looking lady and I knew right away I should like her. I did, too. Not two hours afterwards she came out to see us and fed us peppermint drops. I am very fond of peppermint drops because they make your tongue feel sort of cold and tingley, and I liked the lady at once. Oh, not just because of the candy, of course, but because she was nice to look at and understood dogs and loved them. We can tell right off whether a person likes us. Alfred came out with his mother, and the Baby followed Alfred. She wouldn't let him out of her sight and paid almost no attention to me. Alfred was really rather nice looking, for a boy, with golden hair, dark eyes and a sun-burned face. He was older than the Baby. When he saw me he cried:

“Oh, there's another of them! Come here, puppy! What's your name?”

Of course I paid no heed to him. I meant

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to show Freya that I had more sense than to grovel to folks just because they whistled to me and paid me a little attention! When he saw that I didn't mean to come to him he started after me, and I showed my teeth and growled. He stopped then and made a face at me. "You're not as nice as the other one," he said. Then he picked up a pebble and threw it at me and I growled again. "What's this one's name, Mildred?" he asked the Baby.

"He name F'itz. Him booful dogums!"

Alfred laughed. "Fits! That's a funny name, isn't it? Does he have them often?"

"She means Fritz, dear," said his mother. "Here, Fritz, come and see me."

So I went, but I wouldn't let Alfred touch me, and he didn't like it a bit. He fed candy to Freya and she fairly licked his shoes! Girl-dogs have no pride. It so disgusted me that I turned right around and went down to the stable and crawled behind the flower-pots.

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Even Father and Mother seemed to like Alfred, and they and Freya played with him and the Baby a lot. I didn't. I stayed away. It was pretty lonesome, though. Now and then Alfred would try to make friends with me. He begged cake from Cook and tried to get me to take it, but I wouldn't. I'm fond of cake, too. I spent a good deal of time behind the flower-pots those days. You see I was afraid that some time when I was fearfully hungry Alfred would offer me cake and I'd take it. And I didn't want to, for I had made up my mind not to be friends with him. One morning he and the Baby came out of the house when we were having breakfast at the back door and called to us. Of course Father and Mother and Freya trotted right over to them, but I stayed and made believe I had found something more to eat in the dish. When Freya saw that she came back, but I growled at her and she went off again.

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"Come, F'itz!" called the Baby. "Come F'itz, booful dogums!"

And Alfred called me too, but I wouldn't go, and finally Alfred said: "Oh, come on. We don't want him anyway!"

So they went off toward the orchard to hunt squirrels. Of course I felt pretty lonesome and wanted to go with them very much. Hunting squirrels is awfully exciting, even though we never catch any. I licked the breakfast dish quite clean and then went to the corner of the house and peeked around. They were all over in the orchard and Father was barking at a great rate, making believe he had found a fox's nest or something, and Freya was trotting behind Alfred and trying to lick his hand. The Baby was toddling along, laughing, and Mother was barking at a bird. It looked very jolly and I crept along after them, keeping out of sight.

They didn't find any squirrels. I never saw

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but one in the orchard and he wasn't much to look at, having almost no hair on his tail. But we always pretended the trees were full of them. After they had been all around the orchard they climbed the wall on the other side, which they were not allowed to do, and went into the thicket over there where the ground is all soft and squishy. I could have told them that they would soon find themselves in trouble, and I came very near barking and warning them, but I didn't. It was no affair of mine.

After a bit I heard Alfred shout and then Mother barked and the Baby began to cry and I knew just what had happened. I went back to the house and sat on the lawn and waited, and pretty soon they came back looking very sorrowful. The Baby had fallen down in the swamp and she was covered with black mud from head to toes. Alfred was leading her with one hand and trying to wipe off the mud

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with the other, and Freya, who never knows when she isn't wanted, was getting in the way and barking and acting perfectly stupid. Father and Mother stayed behind, trying to look as if nothing much had happened. When they all passed me I just looked at them without a word and I can tell you they felt silly! The Mistress saw them from a window and came hurrying out to meet them, and Alfred's mother came out, too.

"Oh, Mildred, what have you done?" cried the Mistress. "Just see that nice clean dress I put on you not half an hour ago!"

"She—she fell down in the mud over there," said Alfred. "We—we were hunting Indians."

Did you ever hear anything so foolish? Just as though there were any Indians around there! Even if there had been Freya and I would soon have scared them away. Well, the Mistress led the Baby into the house and

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Alfred's mother said: "Alfred, come with me, please," and Alfred said "Yes'm," in a voice that seemed to come from his shoes. Father and Mother went down to the stable in a hurry and Freya came over and sat down beside me.

"A nice thing you did," I said.

"It wasn't my fault," said Freya with a whine.

"You should have watched out for the Baby," I said sternly. "You'll catch it when the Mistress finds you."

So Freya suddenly remembered that she had left a bone behind the stable and trotted off after it, looking back now and then at the front door. Presently Alfred came out all alone. He had one arm over his eyes, but he couldn't fool me. I knew he was crying. I guess his mother had whipped him, or maybe just scolded him, for letting the Baby fall in the mud. He didn't see me and he went around the house and sat down on the back door-step

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and sniffled. I followed him. If you don't like a person you enjoy seeing them cry. At least, you ought to, I think. But Alfred kept on crying kind of softly, just as though his heart was broken, and I couldn't stand it. I wanted to go away and leave him there, but—but somehow I couldn't do that either.

So after a bit I crept over to him and got up on the step beside him and licked his face. He peeked out and saw it was me and was so surprised that he forgot to cry for a minute. Then he put his arm around me and I licked his face some more and—and, oh, well, after that we liked each other a lot.

Mother said afterwards that it was just jealousy that had kept me away, and I guess it was. Alfred stayed a whole week after that and we had some fine times together. When he went back to the City I missed him a great deal. The place seemed very lonely. I think I missed him almost as much as the Baby did,

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and the Baby cried all one day. I tried my best to comfort her and I licked her nose and her cheeks and her ears, but it didn't do much good. She kept right on saying that she wanted her "booful A'fed." The Mistress told her that she would see him again very soon because they were all going to the City to stay a long, long time. But that didn't help me any, because I was quite sure they wouldn't take me.

And they didn't. They all went off, bag and baggage, about a week later, and only William and Cook and Delia were left. Mother and I were very sad and lonesome at first. I don't think Father minded so much, because he and William were great chums, and as for Freya, why, as long as she had enough to eat and some one to say "Good dog" to her, she didn't care what happened. But Mother and I missed the Baby a whole lot, and the Mistress too, and the Master not so much be-

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cause he was busy a good deal of the time and we saw less of him.

And then one day we woke up and the world was all white, and Mother said it had snowed in the night. And William picked up some of the white stuff and made a ball of it and threw it at Delia at the back door. And Delia squealed and ran inside. William said: "Well, well, winter's here at last!"

I think I have told you enough for now. You have almost fallen asleep two or three times. Besides, it is time for my nap. I always like a short nap before dinner. And really I have talked an awful lot. I hope you liked my story.



PART TWO
WHEN I GREW UP.

CHAPTER I

HOW WE WENT HUNTING

Bow!

So you want to hear some more of my story, do you? Very well. It's a very good day to sit here by the fire and tell stories, because it is raining hard and there isn't much a dog can do in the City on a rainy day. For my part I think cities are rather stupid places, anyway. Of course, on bright days, there's the Park and the Avenue, and I like those very much. But it's a bother always having to be on a leash. When I see a dog on the other side of the street whom I am quite sure I should like to know, all I can do is just say "Hello!" In the country I could trot over to him and make friends and, like as not, we'd go off on a nice long hunt in the woods. There's lots to

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see in the City, but it is awfully noisy and crowded and at first it made me quite nervous. I'm getting used to it now. I do think it's a mistake to have so little yard about the house, though, especially when it is paved with stone and brick. Even the stable floor is stone and I'm sure there are some fine fat rats under it if I could only get at them. Why, I haven't had but one good dig since I got here! And that was that day in the Park when the big Policeman came running over, waving a funny short stick at us, and said he would have us both taken to jail if I didn't stop digging.

Yes, I do miss the digging. The other day I made believe I smelled a fox in the corner of the back hall and was scratching away at the boards and having a real good time when Cook came and drove me away. I forgave her, though, for she gave me a chicken leg to eat. I *do* have good things to eat here; better than I used to in the country; more different kinds

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of things, anyway. And a dog likes variety as well as you Two-Legged Folks do. I don't want you to think I am at all unhappy here, for I am not. If only there was a garden bed to dig in now and then I wouldn't ask for more. And, anyhow, what a dog wants most is love and kindness, and I get lots of that. I guess I don't care about the flower bed. Excuse me just a moment while I lick your face.

Well, I left off where the Family had gone to the City, didn't I? We dogs had a good deal of fun in that snow. It was the first snow I had ever seen and I had a fine time running around in it and biting it. Freya said it made her paws cold and she sat in the stable door and just looked at it and shivered until I chased her out and rolled her over in it. After that she didn't mind it a bit. William made snowballs and threw them for us to chase. It was great fun for they went into the snow, quite out of sight, and we had to burrow down

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and dig them out. And then when we tried to take them in our teeth to bring them back to William they would fall to pieces!

After that there was no more snow for quite a long time and we hunted a good deal. Jack used to come over and he and Father, and sometimes the rest of us, would go trotting off into the woods and stay for hours. Sometimes Jack would see a pheasant or a grouse and get awfully excited and run and run after it and get so tired that when he came back he would have to throw himself down and rest. Usually, though, we never saw much except chipmunks and squirrels; but one day Jack found a rabbit in a clump of bushes and we all had a merry time chasing him. Of course the rest of us, with our short legs, couldn't keep up with Jack and he and the rabbit were soon way ahead of us. And when we came up to him he was sitting by a hole in the ground where the rabbit had gone.

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Freya and I began to dig at a great rate and just made the dirt fly. Mother wanted to stop us, but Father said "No, let them have their fun." Freya kept getting in my way, so I had to nip her on the leg and chase her away. Pretty soon all you could see of me was just the tip of my tail sticking out of the hole. And just then I heard a lot of barking and when I had backed out all the others were tearing across the field after that rabbit! He had crept out of a hole on the other side of the little hill where he lived and run off again. I felt rather silly. The others came back pretty soon without the rabbit. Mother said that rabbits lived in houses with a great many doors, and when you went in one door they came out another. I don't think that's a fair way to play, do you? Afterwards, though, I was glad we hadn't caught the rabbit, for he was such a tiny, pretty little thing that it would have been a shame to hurt him.

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The weather got colder and colder and there was more snow. We didn't mind the cold, though, for our coats had been growing thicker and warmer since summer, and our house was nice and cosy. One day Mother took Freya and me down to the pond and when we got there it looked very queer. I asked what had happened to the water and she said it had frozen into ice, and while I was looking at it she gave me a push and I had to run down the bank and when I got to the bottom and came to the pond my feet went up in the air and I went over on my back and I slid way out on the ice. Mother and Freya stood there and laughed at me, and when I tried to get on my feet they just slipped from under me and I was scared and whined. But Mother told me not to be a baby and pretty soon I got back to the shore and then I pushed Freya down the bank and she slid, too, and made a worse fuss about it than I had. Then Mother

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showed us how we could walk quite nicely by taking very short steps and soon we were all three chasing each other about and falling down and rolling over and having a grand time.

One morning we awoke to find the snow above the bottom of the Kennel windows, and there was William out there with a red muffler around his neck digging a path to us with a wooden shovel. The snow that time was so deep that we could only go where William had made paths. But Father showed us how to have a lot of fun by digging tunnels and Freya and I dug one all the way from the Kennel to the stable door. The funny thing was that in the tunnels, under all that cold snow, it was warmer than it was outside!

When William went to the village for the mail and other things now he went in a sleigh, and one afternoon he took all us dogs with him and we had the finest sort of a time. We

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barked at everything we saw, and once Freya fell out of the sleigh into a snowbank and went out of sight! (I pushed her off the seat, but William didn't know it.) In the village a lady who kept the little store where William bought his newspaper came out and petted us and fed us peanuts. Peanuts are very nice. The part you eat is inside a shell and you have to crack the shell open first. Sometimes you eat some of the shell too, without meaning to, but it doesn't hurt you. The lady thought it was very funny to see us eat the peanuts and she laughed a lot and said we were clever dogs.

"Sure, ma'am, they'll eat anything at all," said William, and the lady laughed some more and said:

"I know one thing they won't eat."

"What's that?" asked William.

So she went back into the little store and came out with something that looked like a

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lemon but wasn't. "Let me see them eat that," she said to William.

"A pickled lime, is it?" said William. "They're that fond of 'em, ma'am, I can't keep enough of 'em on hand, but they're bad for dogs, ma'am."

The lady laughed again. "That's á fib," she said. "You know they wouldn't touch it."

"Won't they then," said William. "Just watch 'em, ma'am." So he took the pickled lime and looked at us, trying to make up his mind which of us to give it to. I hoped he wouldn't give it to me, but he did. "Eat it, Fritzie," he said coaxingly. "Good dog."

Well, William was a friend of mine and I wanted to help him out of his fix, and so I took it and laid it down on the seat and ate it. It was quite the worst tasting thing I ever had. It was sort of sour and sort of salt and full of puckery juice. But I ate it, and when it was

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all gone I tried to make the lady think that I wanted more, and William was so pleased with me that afterwards he stopped at the butcher's and brought out a piece of meat for each of us. I'm sure that meat saved me from being a very sick dog. Even as it was I felt quite unhappy for awhile and didn't bark once all the way home.

A few days after that the Family came back and maybe I wasn't glad to see them again. William brought them from the station in the big sleigh, and as soon as they were in the house William called to us dogs and we all went running in to see them. And the Master said how well we all looked and how Freya and I had grown, and the Baby sat down on the floor and we all jumped about her and licked her face and I ran off with one of her fur mittens and took it under the couch and chewed it a little. It was a very happy time. William told the Master how I had eaten the

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pickled lime for him in the village and the Master and Mistress laughed and laughed about it and said I was a fine dog, and after that for a long time the Master called me "the limehound"!

It was wonderful the way the Baby had grown in such a short time. I had to jump now when I wanted to lick her face! She was awfully glad to see us and cried a little when William took us back to the Kennel.

CHAPTER II

HOW WE SPENT CHRISTMAS

THE next day the Master, the Mistress, the Baby, William and us dogs went for a walk together. William carried an axe and a piece of rope. I thought we were going hunting. The snow was quite deep and the Master and the Mistress wore funny flat things under their shoes which kept them from sinking through the snow. The Master carried the Baby in his arms until we had got to the woods, and she kept saying "Kismas twee! Kismas twee! Booful Kismas twee!" all the way. When we were at the edge of the woods the Master and William walked around and looked at the trees and at last the Master said "This one, William," and William swung his axe and down came the tree. It was only a

HOW WE SPENT CHRISTMAS

small one and I tried to tell them that there were very much larger ones further on, but no one paid any attention to me. When the tree was cut down William tied the rope to it and we went home, William dragging the tree after him over the snow. I thought it was a pretty poor sort of hunt.

It began to snow again before we were back at the house and William put us to bed early that evening. The next morning the snow had stopped and the sun was shining brightly. William let us out and we all tore up to the back door, very hungry indeed. And when Cook gave us our breakfast what do you suppose it was? What's the nicest thing you can think of? Mince pie? Why, of course not; dogs don't care for mince pie. No, nor candy—much. What we had that morning was liver and corn-bread, with lots of gravy! How was that for a feast? And Cook and Delia and William stood around and saw us eat it

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

and laughed and seemed very gay and happy. And after that William took us into the house.

There was the Baby and the Master and the Mistress, and they all cried "Merry Christmas!" as we came tumbling in; only the Baby said "Maykismas!" instead, which was the best she could do. Between the windows in the big room was that tree we had brought home the day before, but you would never have known it for the same tree. I didn't know whether to bark at it or wag my tail. So I growled. That tree was all covered with the most wonderful sparkly things! There were glass balls of red and yellow and green and white and blue, and long strings of shiny stuff that glittered in the sunlight, and strings of pop-corn—only I'd never seen any pop-corn just like it before, because it was pink!—and all sorts of little toys and coloured paper bags and, at the very tip-top of

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the tree, a little white angel with wings like a dragon-fly! And underneath the tree were many things wrapped in paper and tied with red ribbons.

“Just see Freya!” laughed the Mistress. Would you believe it, that dog had helped herself to one of the packages and had taken it under the table and was tearing the paper off it! I was terribly ashamed of her, I can tell you! But the Master and the Mistress didn’t seem to mind it. They only laughed. And the Master looked at what Freya had taken and said: “Smart dog! It had her name on it!” And the Baby clapped her hands and every one seemed to think that Freya had really done something very clever!

The Master reached under the tree then and picked up one of the packages and looked at it and said: “Now then, Young Fritz, here’s a present for you. Sit up and ask for it, you rascal!”

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So I sat up on my hind legs and begged and he put it in my mouth and I took it off to a corner and smelled of it. It didn't smell very nice, I thought. It made me think of something but I couldn't remember what. So I tore the paper off it and—can you guess what I found? A pickled lime! Wasn't that a mean joke? I backed away from it in a hurry and they all laughed at me and I crawled under the couch where Freya was chewing on a rubber ball with her eyes closed. I took it away from her, but the Mistress said "No, no, Fritzie! You mustn't take Freya's ball away. Here's something nice for you."

So I sat up and begged again and the Master gave me another present and when I'd got the paper and ribbon off it there was a rubber cat that squeaked every time I bit it! It looked a little like Ju-Ju, who was sitting on the window-sill with a new pink bow around her neck, and when I saw that I bit it harder.

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Father got a new collar and a rabbit made of cloth, Mother got a Teddy bear and a tin bug that walked across the floor and went *click-click-click*, Freya got the ball and a cloth cat which was bigger than mine but didn't taste so good and I got a wooden duck that flapped its wings and opened its mouth when you moved it. I didn't think that the Family knew about the time the duck made me fall into the brook, but they must have. I suppose Ju-Ju told them. That cat talks too much, anyway.

And we all had sweet biscuits and candy which the Baby fed to us until the Mistress told her we had had enough. After that we were allowed to stay there and play a long time. I chewed that rubber cat until it stopped squeaking and then tried the duck. The paint tasted very good. Freya stole a bag of candy from the tree and ate half of it before I found out about it and took it away from her. Really, her manners were awful that day!

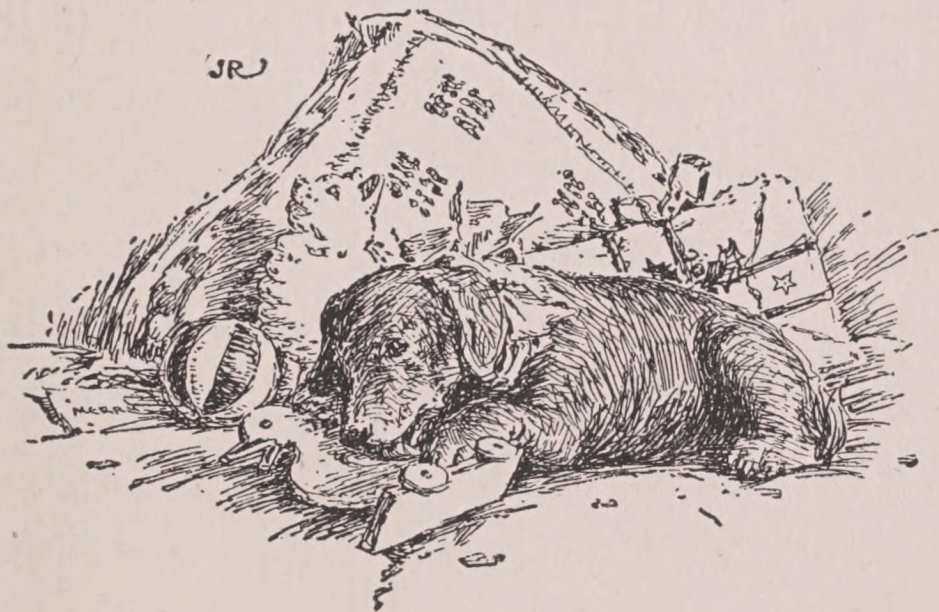
THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

I ate the rest of the candy so as to punish her for stealing it, but I didn't really want it and after I had eaten it I began to feel sick. It was just as well, I think, that they let us out just then. I don't know what the rest did, but I hurried right down to the stable and got behind the flower-pots and had quite a miserable time of it for a while. You see, besides the sweet biscuits and all that candy, I had eaten most of a rubber cat and one wing of a wooden duck. I think, though, that it was the yellow paint that made me sick.

I felt better in the afternoon and crawled out and went back to the house. The Baby had a new sled and she was coasting down a little hill behind the house. She would sit on the sled and take one of us dogs in her arms and then Nurse would give her a push and off she would go. I coasted twice but didn't care much for it. I wasn't feeling quite well yet. For dinner that day we had turkey, and it was

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fine; almost as good as liver and corn-bread. I was very glad that I felt well enough by that time to eat all that was given to me—and some of Freya's. Then William took us down and put us to bed and that ended that Christmas Day. I had had a very good time, on the whole, but I was a little glad that Christmas didn't come very often!



I chewed that rubber cat until it stopped squeaking and then tried the duck

CHAPTER III

MORE LESSONS

It was in February that Father and Mother began going away from home for three and four days at a time. William usually went with them, but once the Master went. Each time they came back they brought a bunch of pretty ribbons, blue and red and yellow and white, and William put them in a glass case in the harness room where there were lots more. Of course we asked Mother where the ribbons came from and she said from the dog shows and told us about them. But we didn't understand very well. It seemed that the ribbons were prizes given to Father and Mother because they were such fine dogs, and William and the Master and every one was very pleased and proud each time Father and Mother came home.

MORE LESSONS

Father was proud, too. He got more ribbons than Mother. I didn't think that was fair, but Mother didn't seem to mind. After each show Father would be very lazy and just lie around and look proud and Mother would fetch him bones. But after a day or two Father would forget to be proud and find his own bones. It wasn't much fun for Freya and I when Father was being proud, because he slept a lot and if we made the least noise Mother would say "Hush, children! Your father is taking a nap and you mustn't waken him. Go somewhere else and play." So we were glad when the dog shows stopped for a while.

Freya and I were to learn about dog shows for ourselves, though. When we were almost a year old William began putting a leash on my collar and Freya's and walking us about. At first I didn't like it at all. It made me quite nervous to have that strap holding me

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back. The first time William put it on I stood still and he kept tugging at it and saying "Come on, now, Fritzie! Come on now!" I was quite willing to go with him, but I didn't like the feeling of that collar up around my ears. Still, it didn't do any good to put my feet out and hold back because William dragged me, and when I found that out I decided I'd run away from him. So I started off in a hurry. But there was that horrid strap, and when I'd gone a little ways my feet went out from under me and I turned a somersault. That frightened me and I ran off in another direction. But each time that leash stopped me. Then I began to run around William in circles and howl and presently, when I couldn't run any more, because the leash was wrapped around William's legs, I gave a final tug and William fell over on his back in a flower-bed where there were some sweet peas just coming up. He was very

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angry. I saw that at once and so I tried my best to get away from there. But the more I tried to run the angrier William got. You see, he couldn't get the strap from around his legs and so he couldn't get on his feet. And just then I heard the Baby clapping her hands and Nurse saying "Why, William! Whatever are you doing there?"

And then William was so surprised and felt so silly that he let go the leash and I pulled it loose and ran as hard as I could run to the stable and crawled behind the flower-pots. But of course he found me and pulled me out. He always did. Sometimes now I wonder why I didn't find a better place to hide in.

Well, William had his way in the end and I got so I didn't mind being on the leash and would walk along ahead of him quite nicely. Freya had to learn too. She didn't mind it as much as I had, but then she never had much spirit. After we got used to the leash Wil-

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William would put a flat box in the middle of the carriage room floor and make us get up on it and stand there for minutes at a time. I didn't see much fun in that, and at first when he got me on the box I jumped right down again. But he was very—very—Now what was it that Mother said he was? Oh, patient; that was it; very patient. That was what Mother called it, but I said he was stubborn.

Anyway, he kept at me until I did just what he wanted me to, and after a while I didn't mind standing on the box, although I couldn't see much sense in it and it seemed a dreadful waste of time. But Mother told us what it was all for, and then I was quite willing to do what William wanted. You see, we were being trained for the dog shows. I thought that was very nice because it meant going on a journey, just as Father and Mother had, and bringing back a lot of pretty ribbons. Father said, though, that if I didn't behave better than I'd

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been behaving I wouldn't get any ribbons. Father can be quite gruff at times. Freya was so excited about it that she could talk of nothing else.

"Won't it be fine," she would say, "to be in a show and have hundreds of people admiring you and patting you and saying what a lovely dog you are? I know I shall just love it, Fritz!"

Girl-dogs are always vain, you see. Vanity is not becoming in dogs any more than in Two-Legged Folks and so I growled and said: "I guess no one will look twice at you, Miss Stuck-Up! You're much too homely."

That made Freya cry and she ran off to ask her mother if it was so. Of course she really wasn't homely. I only said that so she wouldn't be vain and proud. Freya in some ways was a better looking dog than I was. Her coat was what the Master called "perfectly wonderful." It was very black and

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very shiny; just like satin. And her ears were fine and long and silky. And she had nice eyes, too, and a good tail. My tail had a place on the tip where there was no hair. Poor William troubled a lot about that spot and rubbed it with grease for weeks and weeks. The grease didn't seem to do much good, though. Perhaps I licked it off too soon. That place never has got quite right and I don't think it ever will. But even if Freya was a little better looking than I, she couldn't run as fast or dig as deep or do useful things as well as I could. I was lots stronger and bigger. Mother said that was as it should be; that girl-dogs were not supposed to be as big and brave and strong as boy-dogs.

Well, William taught us all sorts of things that Spring. It was a good deal of a bother, but the thought of being taken to the dog show helped me to be patient and go through with it. After we had been in training for a month or

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more I asked Mother when the show was to be and she said she didn't know; that maybe it wouldn't come for a long time. I didn't like that and I had made up my mind that there wasn't any use in going through with so many lessons if nothing was to come of it when, one morning, the Master came down to the stable.

"Well, how are they getting on, William?" he asked.

"Fair, sir," said William. "Freya takes to it like the lady she is, sir, but Young Fritz is slower. He's as stubborn as his father, sir."

Now I thought that very unkind of William after all the trouble I had taken to please him, and just to show that my feelings were hurt I sneaked off and got behind the flower-pots. But I could hear what they were saying in the carriage room, and pretty soon the Master said:

"Well, I think we'll try them out at the Oak Cliff Show in June. It's nearby and there's

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only one day of it. They're bound to be nervous the first time and a small show is a good one to start them with."

I pricked up my ears at that, because it was already the last of May, and crawled out from back of the flower-pots.

CHAPTER IV

A VISIT TO JACK

“FREYA won’t mind it a bit, sir,” William was saying. “She’s the sort that loves a bit of fuss and excitement. She’ll show well, she will, sir.”

William always thought whatever Freya did was all right. I made up my mind to show them that I could behave just as well as she could, and so I went back to the carriage room.

“Well, let me see how they act,” said the Master.

So William snapped the leash on my collar and walked me slowly around in a circle several times. Then he stopped and I stopped and stood quite still. Then he led me to the box and said “Up, boy!” and I jumped up on the box and stood there very straight, with my

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

head up and my body stretched as long as I could stretch it. Then William took hold of my tail and lifted my back legs up by it, and felt me all over and opened my mouth and looked at my teeth and went through with all the things he always did when I was on the box. And finally he said "All right, boy!" and I jumped down and looked at the Master and wagged my tail. I could see at once that he was very pleased.

"Why, there's nothing wrong with him, William!" said the Master. "I never saw a dog have any better ring manners than that."

William scratched his head and shook it and looked at me in a puzzled way. "Well, sir," he said at last, "I never knew him to do it like that before. Seems as if he was sort of showing off, don't it, sir?"

"Why, yes," laughed the Master, "and that's what we want him to do!"

Then Freya went through with it and didn't

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do as well as I had because she kept wiggling all the time, wanting the Master to speak to her and pet her. Girl-dogs are silly that way. There's a time for everything, but they don't understand it. They always want to play when it's time to work, which is quite wrong. Well, the Master was much pleased with both of us and said that we'd surely be shown at the Oak Cliff Show next month, and that he'd send in the entries at once. I ran off to tell Mother about it and she was pleased too.

"You must be a very good dog," she said, "and do just as William tells you to. And when you get to the show you must mind your own affairs and pay no attention to other dogs or to people. I don't think your father or I will be there, so you must look after yourself and Freya."

I was sorry Father and Mother were not going, but I was quite excited at the thought of Freya and I going alone, and I hunted up

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Freya to tell her. When I found her she was looking very sad and I asked her what the matter was.

“I have a pimple,” she whined. “William just found it. He says if I don’t get rid of it before the show I won’t get a prize.”

And she absolutely began to cry! Aren’t girl-dogs funny? I looked at the pimple and it was so small I couldn’t see it at first. It wasn’t worth bothering about. I’d had them five times as large as hers. Why, the time I ate the crow that I found in the truck garden I had dozens of great huge ones! And William put some smelly stuff on them and gave me a dose of nasty medicine and they went right away again. So I laughed at Freya and she stopped crying, and after William had rubbed something on the pimple I told her what Mother had said. I thought she would be quite pleased about it, but she wasn’t. You never can tell what a girl-dog will do!

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"Oh," said Freya, "I should be frightened to death to go away without Father and Mother! I just couldn't do it!"

"Well," I said, "you'll just have to. Besides, William will be there and maybe the Master, too."

"But it isn't the same as having your own parents," said Freya, looking teary again. "Suppose—suppose anything happened to us!"

"What could happen?" I asked. "Besides, *I'm* going to be there!"

That ought to have satisfied her, I thought, but it didn't, and she went running off to tell Mother how frightened she was. That was too much for me and I trotted over to call on Jack and tell him the news.

I found him in the back yard eating a fine big veal bone. "Hello, Fritz," he said, pushing the bone to me. "Want to chew on that? It isn't half bad. I'm afraid I've eaten the best of it, though."

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It was very nice and sweet, that bone, and I settled down to enjoy it, and between crunches I told him about Freya and I going alone to the dog show. He didn't seem to think it was so grand, though. He kind of turned up his lip at it.

"The Oak Cliff Show?" he said. "Oh, that's just a small affair, a one-day show, managed by the women folks. It's pretty good fun, of course, but even if you do bring back some ribbons they don't amount to much."

I guess he saw that I was disappointed, because he went on: "Not that it isn't worth while, of course. I used to go to it when I was a little fellow. You'll like it and I dare say Freya will get a 'blue.' You too, maybe. A 'red,' anyhow. I have five or six 'blues' that I got there." He yawned. "When is it to be?"

"Some time in June," I said.

A VISIT TO JACK

“Of course; it always is in June. I meant what day?”

I couldn't tell him that, though.

“Well, you'll have a good time. Don't let folks handle you too much, Fritz. It upsets you and you don't do so well in the ring. And don't pay any attention to the judges. Act as if you didn't see them. When I was a puppy I was too friendly and bit one of the judges on the nose when he was bending over me. I just did it in play, but I guess I bit too hard, because he made a great to-do about it and sent me right out of the ring and I didn't even get a mention.”

“I suppose,” I said, “a great many dogs go to it?”

“Oh, about a hundred, I think. You'll meet all kinds. Don't have much to do with them. Some of them are no-account dogs. It takes all sorts of dogs to make a world, you know.”

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“A hundred!” I said. “My, but that’s a lot of dogs, isn’t it? I didn’t know there were so many in the world, Jack!”

Jack laughed. “A hundred’s nothing,” he said. “In the New York show I’ve seen nearly five hundred! That’s a show that is a show, Fritz! Maybe if you do pretty well at Oak Cliff the Master will send you there next winter.”

“I wish he would,” I answered. “It must be fine.”

Jack yawned again. “It’s rather good fun until you get used to it,” he said. “Going? Well, come again. I’ll drop over and see you before the show.”

So I thanked him for the loan of his bone and trotted home.

CHAPTER V

THE TURTLE

A WEEK before we were to go to Oak Cliff William began to groom us every morning and evening. We were rubbed all over with a cloth that was wet with something that smelled good and left our coats smooth and glossy. We were brushed, too, and our claws were cut and our teeth were cleaned and he even washed our ears! I stood everything very well but that. I do hate to have my ears washed. Don't you?

As for that bare spot on the end of my tail, poor William worked and worked and fussed and fussed and worried and worried over that. "I'm thinking," he told me once, "that it would be fine if you'd wag your tail hard when the judge is looking at you and maybe he won't see where the hair's off!" I suspected that

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William put some sort of medicine in our food those days. I couldn't find it, but there was a little different taste to things. I think that is a very mean thing to do to a dog. Poor Freya had a hard time getting enough to eat that week, because William said she was a little too fat and so he only gave her about half what he usually did. Sometimes, if I wasn't awfully hungry and William wasn't looking, I'd leave a little in my dish and let her finish it.

Of course all the attention we had took a lot of time and it was hard to stay quiet so long. But I went through with it as best I could because I knew that the nicer I looked at the show the more likely I was to get a pretty ribbon. The worst of it was that after William had groomed us we were supposed to be very good and keep ourselves clean. That wasn't much trouble for Freya. She liked being fussed over and I think she was glad of an excuse to be lazy and lie around in the sun and

I had never seen one
before .



JR.

THE TURTLE

not go hunting. But it wasn't so easy for me, and try as hard as I might I seemed to be always getting into scrapes. Like the time I caught the turtle.

William had just fixed me all up until I felt much too clean for comfort and told me to be good and not get dirty. I really meant to obey him, but I didn't think it was much fun to just lie around the stable and so I asked Freya to go for a run with me. She wouldn't, though. She said William wouldn't like it if she did. So I went off alone and wandered down into the meadow and chased grasshoppers for awhile. There isn't much fun in that, though. They're not good to eat when you catch them. So I went on down to the brook and presently I saw the funniest looking thing you can imagine. When I told Mother about it afterwards she said it was a turtle, but I didn't know what it was then because I had never seen one before. It lived in a shell that

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

was a sort of greenish-brown on top and yellow underneath. There were two funny little paws on each side and a funny little tail behind and a much funnier little head in front, and it was crawling along very slowly toward the brook. I watched it a minute and then I ran up to it and barked. Then it did the queerest thing! Instead of barking back or saying "quack" like the ducks or "cluck" like the hens it just pulled itself inside that shell until there wasn't anything in sight but the place it lived!

I thought that was very impolite and so I turned it over with my nose and barked again. But it wouldn't come out. I barked at it a long time but it did no good, and then I lay down a little ways off and watched. Pretty soon the turtle thought I'd gone away and out came his head very, very slowly and he looked around with two little glittering yellow eyes. I think he was quite surprised to find himself on his back. He looked surprised, anyway,

THE TURTLE

and he worked his paws and tried to turn himself over. Then he saw me, I guess, for he went back into his house very quickly again.

“You are a very stupid fellow,” I said, “whatever you are. Come on out and play.”

But he wouldn't, and so pretty soon I went over to him and patted him with my paw. That didn't bring him out, either. I made up my mind then that I'd take him home to Mother and ask her what he was. So I just picked him up in my mouth, house and all, and started along the brook with him. I had gone just a little ways when I felt a sharp pain in my lip, and I looked and that turtle had put his head out and was biting me! You may believe that I let go of him pretty quick! But he wouldn't let go of me. He hung right on to my lip and swung there. I pawed at him and rubbed my head on the ground and howled, but it did no good. That turtle held on tight. By that time he was hurting a lot and I began

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to yelp and roll around and shake my head and do everything I could think of to get rid of him. And in the middle of it I slipped over the side of the bank and rolled down into the brook on my back!

After that I don't remember just what did happen for a minute or two. I know that the turtle was still there and that I stuck my head into the mud and rolled over and over in the water and had an awful time and almost drowned myself before that horrid turtle finally let go of me. When I crawled out I was covered with mud and water and my lip was bleeding and I was shaking all over. I laid down for a while on the bank to get my breath and then I went back to the stable, hoping I could get behind the flower-pots before William saw me. But I didn't. He was washing a carriage, and Father was helping him, when I got there, and he saw me before I could get by. My, but he was angry! He just took hold of

THE TURTLE

me by the neck and held me with one hand and turned the hose on me with the other. Being washed with a hose is very unpleasant. The water gets in your eyes and mouth and ears. I had a very bad time of it. William scolded and scolded until he saw the place on my lip where the turtle had bitten me. Then he was sorry for me and dried me with a big chamois-skin and put some salve on the wound and it felt better. And I crawled behind the flower-pots and went to sleep.

Turtles and toads and ducks and bees are not good for dogs. They don't play fair. It's funny the lot of trouble I got into down by that brook. There was the time the duck "quacked" at me and I fell into the mud and the time the toad poisoned my mouth and the time the turtle bit me. You would think that I'd have learned to stay away from the brook, but I never did.

CHAPTER VI

AT THE DOG SHOW

WE started out, William and Freya and I, very early one morning for the dog show. I think it was a Saturday. Anyhow, I remember that we had liver for breakfast the next day, and we usually had liver on Sundays. Freya and I were put in the dog crate and the crate was put in the little wagon and William drove. The Master, the Mistress and the Baby went in the carriage. Father and Mother were left at home. Father made quite a fuss about it and climbed into the wagon twice and had to be put out, but Mother just told us to be good children and not get into trouble and went back and laid down in the stable doorway.

Freya was so excited that she couldn't keep

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still. I was excited, too, but I didn't show it. I just laid down on the bottom of the crate and peeked out between the slats and tried to see the world. It was hard work, though, because the slats were very close together and the wagon bumped a good deal. After a while the wagon slowed down and we heard a lot of barking and knew that we were almost there. When William lifted the crate down and opened it the Master looked in and said "Hello, you rascals! Have a good trip?" Freya and I licked his hand and he put chains on our collars and we jumped out.

I was a little frightened at first. Never had I seen so many people or heard so many dogs. And as for carriages and automobiles, why, I suppose there must have been hundreds! Folks were walking around over the grass and dogs were being taken out of hampers and crates and it was a strange and wonderful scene. In front of us was a monstrous big

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tent, oh, quite the largest tent you can possibly imagine! And from the tent came such a barking and yelping as I'd never heard. Freya tugged at her chain and seemed very anxious to get to it, but I held back and sort of wished myself back home. But just then the Mistress and the Baby came up with some other folks, and the Baby put her arms around my neck and said I was her "booful dogums" and I felt braver. So we all went into the tent.

It was full of platforms, or "benches" as they called them, which were open in front and closed at back and divided into little pens by wire screens. William led us to one of the pens and as we went all the dogs who saw us barked and yelped and said things to us and made a frightful noise. We jumped up on the bench and William tied our chains to rings in the back of the pen. There were two pieces of paper with numbers on them tacked there,

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and the Master tied tags to our collars, and the tags had the same numbers that were on the back of the pen. Mine was 86 and Freya's was 87. William brought a big armful of nice clean straw and put it on the bottom of the pen and I got as far away into a corner as I could and laid down and shivered a little. But Freya jumped and tugged at her chain and barked and went on very rudely. William took a piece of cloth and rubbed us hard with it and then he brought us some water.

While I was lying in the corner a dog in the next pen tried to put his nose through the grating and I turned around quickly and nipped it. It didn't hurt him much, I guess, but he made an awful fuss about it and a lady who was sitting on the edge of his pen scolded me and said I was a horrid dog and that if I did that again she'd have me taken away. She took that other dog in her arms and petted him and gave him something to eat out of a little bag,

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and the dog whined and sniffled and acted terribly silly. I made up my mind that if he put his nose into our pen again I'd give him another nip. And just then he saw me looking over at him and he winked at me, and I knew that he had been making all that fuss so his Mistress would give him something out of the little bag!

I asked him later on what it was she gave him and he said it was raw meat. He said I didn't hurt him much but he wanted the meat. He was the same kind of a dog as I, only he was all brown and very fat. We got to be very good friends later. His name was Sigismund. He told me that his Mistress took him to all the shows but he never got a prize but once and then there were only two other dachshunds there. He said he didn't mind not getting prizes, but that his Mistress always felt very badly about it and was quite cross to the judges.

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“She thinks I’m a very fine dog,” he said, “but I’m not, you know. You can see yourself that I’m too short in the body and too high at the back. Besides, my teeth are bad. That comes from too much meat. It’s all rather tiresome, this sort of thing, but she likes it and I put up with it. Who is the dog with you?”

I told him she was my sister and he said she was very pretty and he guessed she’d get a blue ribbon. All this was later in the day, though, after I’d got sort of used to the noise and all the people. They kept walking around and walking around until it made my head spin to see them. I did wish they’d sit down somewhere or go away. They’d stop in front of us and say the rudest things! Why, one lady looked at us and said “Did you ever see such funny things, Tom? The idea of any one thinking them nice!” Freya let folks pat her but I didn’t. I growled.

Across the aisle from us were a lot of big,

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long-haired dogs with pointed noses. I heard William say they were collies. They did nothing but bark all the time. They were the most excited dogs I ever saw. Further along were some fox terriers, and besides those there were all kinds of other dogs whose names I didn't know.

All the time dogs were going by on chains, and Sigismund said they were going to the judging pen. I couldn't see the judging pen but I could hear people clapping their hands, and every little while a dog would pass us with a blue or a red or a yellow ribbon on his collar which the judges had given him. And if it was a blue ribbon he would look very, very proud, and if it was another coloured ribbon he looked just a little bit proud. I asked Sigismund if it was very hard being judged and he said it wasn't and that he usually took a nap while it was going on.

It got very warm in the tent after a while

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and William gave us some fresh water and a piece of biscuit, which was all we had for dinner. Pretty soon after that a man in overalls went around saying: "Class 49, Dachshunds! All entries to the judging pen!" Then William made us jump down and he and the Master led us to where there was a square pen fenced off with boards. All around it on the outside were people looking over the top of the fence. Inside there were many dachshunds when we got there and more followed us through the gate. Sigismund was there, too, with his mistress. He winked at me and then closed his eyes and looked exactly as if he was going to sleep!

Presently we all began to walk around in a circle at the end of our chains while two men stood in the centre of the pen and watched us. Then we stopped walking and the two men came and looked us all over, and one by one we stood on a little platform in the centre and

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the two judges felt of us and pulled us and looked into our mouths and made me very nervous. But when my time came I remembered what William had taught me and what Mother had said and stood very quiet and held my head up and stretched my legs out. It really wasn't bad at all because the man who judged me was very gentle and I didn't mind what he did.

After me three other dogs went on the box and were judged. And then the two judges talked together a minute and went over to a little table in one corner and picked up some ribbons and came back. I wondered whether they would give one of them to William, and they did, but it was a red ribbon and William didn't look very pleased even if he did say "Thank you" quite nicely. A very handsome dog named Champion Hillside Carl got the blue ribbon, which was the first prize. I was

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sorry I had got only the second prize because William looked so disappointed.

Then it was Freya's turn to try and she and five other girl-dogs were put on the box one after the other, and Freya looked so pretty that the people watching over the fence clapped their hands. That pleased Freya and she wagged her tail and smiled at the judge and he patted her head. And when it was all over the judge walked right up to the Master and gave him the blue ribbon, and every one clapped some more and all the dogs barked. William didn't feel so badly after Freya had got the first prize.

I thought then that we would be led back to our bench, but it seemed that we were to try for other prizes first. There were prizes for what they called "novices," which were dogs who had never been in a show before. There was a prize for boy novices and one for girl

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novices, and Freya and I each won a first, and by that time William was all smiles. Then Freya and I were judged as a pair and we each got a second prize. The first prize went to Champion Hillside Carl and a girl-dog who was quite good-looking but not nearly so pretty as Freya.

Then we went back to the bench and William and the Master said how well we had done and how nicely we had behaved in the pen. Besides the lovely ribbons, which had gold letters on them and which William at once hung up at the back of the bench, we had won money. Freya had won eleven dollars and I had won nine. The Master said we should each have a fine new collar. I wanted to wear my ribbons, but William wouldn't let me. Sigismund had not won anything at all and I was very sorry for him, and told him so. But he only laughed.

"I didn't expect to," he said. "I never do.

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For my part I'd much rather stay at home, but my Mistress likes this sort of thing. She told the judges that they didn't know their business. She always tells them that. You did very well, you and your sister both. You'd have got that other blue if that Hillside Carl dog hadn't been there. He's been winning first prizes for two years now. I meet him everywhere I go. He's an awfully stuck-up chap." He yawned and stretched himself. "Well, it's about over now and I shall be glad to get home again."

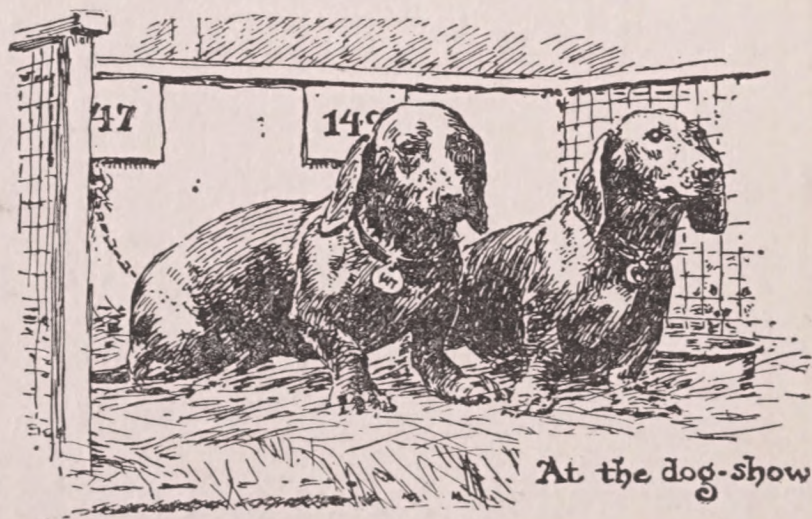
I curled up and took a little nap and when I awoke William was taking the ribbons down and it was time to go home. We jumped back in the crate and pretty soon we were bumping along the road once more. Freya was still too excited to keep still, but I managed to get a few more winks of sleep on the way back. When we reached the stable Father and Mother were waiting for us and maybe they

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weren't pleased when we told them about the prizes! Mother jumped around and licked our faces and barked. Father didn't say much, but I could see that he was every bit as glad as Mother. When I told him about Champion Hillside Carl he sort of growled.

"Humph," he said, "was that dog there to-day? I've beaten Carl twice and I could have done it again. He isn't so fine. His ears are too short, and he is deaf in the left one. Only the judges are too stupid to find it out! I wish *I'd* been there!"

We had a supper of broth and bread and went to sleep early, being pretty well tired out.



CHAPTER VII

THE STRANGE MAN

THERE were no more dog shows for us that summer, although Father and Mother went to one in August and Father came back with three blue ribbons and Mother with a blue and two reds. Father had beaten Champion Hill-side Carl quite easily and was very proud for several days and Mother trotted her feet off finding bones for him.

It was just after the show that Alfred and his mother came to visit us again, and I was awfully glad to see him. He had grown a good deal since the summer before. But then I had grown too and he said he would scarcely have known me! I don't know which of us was gladder to see him, the Baby or I. We had some fine times in the next two weeks.

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We hunted squirrels in the orchard and had picnics in the woods and played all sorts of games. But we didn't look for Indians in the swamp, I can tell you!

Alfred liked me best of all the dogs and one evening he came down to the Kennel after it was dark and carried me to the house and took me to bed with him and I slept there all night curled up in his arms. In the morning we had a fine romp when we woke up, but I guess we must have made too much noise, for Nurse heard us and came in and said, "Why, Master Alfred, wherever did you get that dog? Put him right off the bed this very instant!"

Nurse had left the door open and so I ran out as hard as I could and down the stairs. It wasn't my fault that Delia was coming up just then with a tray of toast and coffee for Alfred's mother, was it? Besides, she might have seen me if she had been looking. She didn't, though, and I was in a great hurry and

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tried to run between her feet. I was almost at the bottom of the stairs when I heard the tray fall, and a piece of toast came rolling down after me. I thought it best not to stop for it, however, although I am very fond of buttered toast. Fortunately, William was shining the brass knocker on the front door and I was able to get out without more trouble.

I went right down to the stable and got behind the flower-pots and stayed there until the middle of the forenoon, but nothing happened, and so, when I heard Alfred whistling, I came out. William was there, too, and when I saw him I laid down on my back and put my feet up. But he only laughed.

“Don’t be letting Delia get hold of you to-day,” he said. “Keep away from the kitchen, Fritzie, my boy.”

And then he and Alfred both looked at each other and laughed again, and Alfred and I found the Baby and Freya and went down to

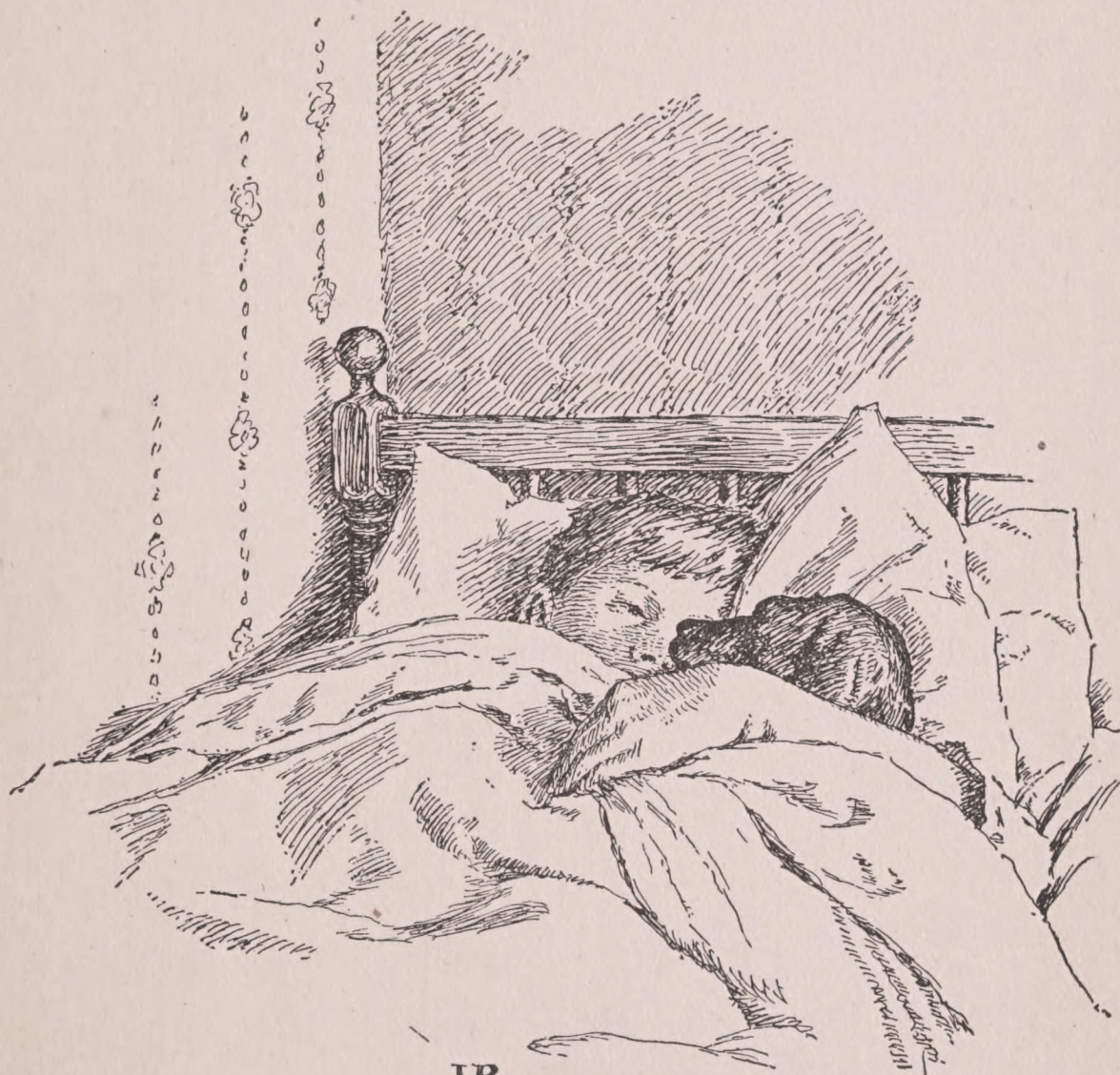
THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

the brook and waded. When I saw Delia she had a piece of white cloth tied around her head. I don't know why she did it, because it didn't make her look any prettier.

After that Alfred took me to bed with him several times and I liked it a lot. And Nurse didn't say a thing when she found me there. Delia and I made it up and were good friends again in a day or two. And then it came time for Alfred to go back to the city and I felt very sad and lonesome. So did the Baby, and she and I used to sit together in the hammock on the piazza and talk about Alfred and wish him back again. I was a great comfort to the Baby, I'm sure.

I was a year and a half old that Autumn, which, for a dog, is quite grown-up, you know. When I did anything silly Mother would say: "Remember, Fritz, you are no longer a puppy." It was hard to do that, though, and I was just as fond of play as ever. But, of

Alfred took me to bed
with him



JR.

THE STRANGE MAN

course, I had grown much more sensible and wise. Experience is a great teacher. I heard Father say that once, and I guess it must be so. I didn't get into scrapes any more; at least, not many. I did dig a hole under the stable one day and then couldn't get out again until William had taken some of the stones out of the wall. But that was because I didn't know that the ground under the stable was so much lower than it was outside. It was rather a jolly place down there and I think there were rats there, but I was too frightened when I found I couldn't get out again to do any hunting. And after that William put a stone where I'd gone in and I was never able to get back to make sure.

And then there was another scrape, too, which was quite the worst I ever got into. I shall not forget that very soon, I can tell you! It happened that October and this was the way of it.

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

Freya cared less for hunting and running around than ever that Fall and so I used to go about a good deal alone. Sometimes Father would take me to look for foxes, but that wasn't very often, and we never found any. And sometimes Jack and I would go for a run together. It wasn't much fun for him, though, because my legs were so short that he had to wait for me to catch up to him every little while. So very often I went alone. I didn't mind. There is so much to see if you use your eyes and so much to smell if you use your nose. And there are lots of nice things to listen to, besides. Like the songs that the birds sing and the whispers the breezes make in the trees and the chattering of the squirrels and chipmunks and so many, many other sounds. There are lots of wonderful and interesting things in the world, and a dog who is treated kindly and has a nice home to live in has a very good time. The nice home has a

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lot to do with a dog's happiness, as I found out when I didn't have one.

One nice sunny day, when the leaves on the trees were all yellow and red and were fluttering down, I found myself on the road that passes our gate. I had been chasing a chipmunk. He ran along on top of the wall and the fence, making a funny little squeaky noise, and every time I got near him he would give a long jump and get away again. And sometimes he would run down to the ground and hide and I'd have to hunt him out. When I lost him finally in a hole that went down under the stone wall I was nearly half a mile from home and there was a man walking toward me along the road.

He didn't look quite like a nice man and I started to trot away from him. But he called to me in a kind voice and so I stopped and looked back. And when I looked he stooped and held something toward me in his hand and

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it had a very good smell. William doesn't give us raw meat except once in a great while when we aren't feeling very well, but I knew the smell of it and I knew that it was raw meat that the man wanted to give me. I was hungry and so I thought it over and decided that if he really didn't want the meat himself I might as well have it.

But I was a little bit afraid and didn't go right up to him. He tossed a piece toward me and I went back and got it and it surely tasted awfully nice. Then he tossed me another piece and I ate that, and almost before I knew it I was eating the rest of the meat out of his hand and he was patting me and saying "Good dog." And then he slipped a piece of string through the new collar that the Master had bought me with the money I had won at the dog show and when I tried to turn around and go home he wouldn't let me! Instead of that he pulled me down the road right in the oppo-

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site direction. At first I went along without any fuss, but when we got farther and farther away I began to pull back and whine. Then he got very angry with me and when he saw I would not go unless he pulled me he called me names and kicked me!

I had never been kicked before and it frightened me even more than it hurt, and it hurt a good deal. I yelped and tried to run away then, but the string held me, and every time I sat down and wouldn't walk he kicked me with his boot. I soon saw that if I didn't want to be kicked I must go with him, and so I went. But I was awfully frightened and I wanted to bite him but didn't dare to. Pretty soon we came to a cross road which was winding and narrow and we turned into that and walked and walked for the longest way before we came to a house. It was a very small house and it needed paint and the yard in front was dirty and untidy. And when we went through

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the gate a horrid ugly big bulldog came running toward us, barking and growling. But the man kicked him too, and the bulldog howled and ran into a shed near the house.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW I WAS STOLEN

THE man took me into the house, which was just as dirty and untidy as the yard and smelt badly, and tied the string to the leg of a table there. He went into another room for a few minutes and I sat there and shivered until he came back. Then he took off my nice new collar, with its silver name-plate and silver buckle, and slipped a horrid old leather strap around my neck. He read what it said on the name-plate and then tossed the collar aside.

“You ought to fetch a good price, old boy, if they give you a collar like that,” he said.

“Come on now.”

So he led me outdoors again and across to the shed where the bulldog was. When the bulldog saw the man come in he howled and

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ran out quickly. There were some boxes in one corner of the shed that had bars in front of them and I was put into one of these. Then the man went out and closed the door behind him.

It was quite dark in there, and cold and damp too, and there was nothing in the box to lie on, and I was very unhappy. I sat and shivered and whimpered for a long time, and it got darker and darker. No one came to see me. I heard the bulldog prowling about outside and sniffing at the door and I heard the man whistle to him once. Then it got quite dark and after a while I cried myself to sleep. But I was too cold to sleep soundly and I was very glad when the light began to come back and I knew that it was morning again.

The man brought me two or three bones without much meat on them and a broken dish with some water in it. I didn't care much for the bones, but wanted the water a good deal.

HOW I WAS STOLEN

The man left the door open a little when he went out and pretty soon the bulldog came sneaking in.

“Well,” he said gruffly, “and where’d he pick you up?”

I told him.

“So you’re one of those pet dogs I’ve heard of,” he sneered. “Lie on a cushion and eat cake, they tell me. Well, you won’t get any cake here. Bones and kicks are all you’ll have now for a while. I know. I’ve lived here four years. Pass out one of those bones. They’re mine by rights, anyway.”

I told him he could have them all and pushed them through the bars where he could get them, and he seemed more good-natured after that. He ate them just as though he was half-starved, and growled and growled over them. He had very bad table manners. After he had chewed them until there was nothing left on them he laid down and we talked.

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He wasn't really a bad sort of dog at heart, only he had been treated cruelly all his life, kicked and beaten and half-starved. Dogs, you know, are very much like you Two-Legged Folks. Be gentle and kind to us and we will be gentle and kind, too. Treat us crossly and we may grow to be cross and snappy like you. You are the ones we serve, and so it is not strange that we should learn our manners from you. Poor Jim—for that was the bulldog's name—had had only blows and ugly words ever since he was a puppy and he didn't know what it was to be well-fed and petted and looked after. He had heard of dogs who had nice homes and kind masters and he pretended to make fun of them and called them "pets," but I knew very well that he envied them all the time.

I asked him what his master would do with me and why he had taken me from my home, and he said that I would be taken to the City

HOW I WAS STOLEN

and sold. "You're not the first dog who has been here," he said. "Every month or so he brings one home with him. I've met a lot of them in my time."

"But he has no right to do that," I said. "If I did a thing like that William would say I was stealing."

"Of course," said Jim. "He's a thief. He makes his living by it. He will get twenty or thirty dollars for you, perhaps. He would have sold me long ago if I had been worth selling. Besides, he needs me here to keep people away."

"Did—did he steal you, too?" I asked him.

"I don't know. I suppose so. I've been here ever since I can remember. Probably he stole me when I was a very little puppy. Sometimes I've thought I'd run away, but I never have. I'm afraid to. I'm such an ugly looking dog that no one would want me, I guess. So I just stay here and take what

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

comes. I wouldn't mind what he did if he would only give me a kind word once in a while."

Just then there was a noise outside and Jim sprang up with a growl and went to the door.

"Some one coming along the lane in a carriage," he said. "I must be off."

He went out and in a moment I heard him begin to bark loudly. Then his master spoke to him and he was still and I heard another voice that I knew.

"Hello," said William. "Seen a stray dachshund around here?"

"What might that be?" asked the man.

"A black dog with tan markings; long body and short legs," answered William.

"No, I ain't seen any dog except this one here. Want to buy him?"

What William said to that I don't know, because I began to bark as loudly as I could. But as soon as I barked Jim barked too and

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barked a lot louder than I could, and I suppose William couldn't hear me at all. At any rate, when I stopped a moment to listen all I could hear was the sound of the buggy rattling off down the road. I felt very sorry for myself then and I laid down in a corner of the box and whined and whimpered as though my heart was broken. After a while Jim came back.

I think he pitied me a little. "I'm sorry I had to do it," he said. "If I hadn't he'd have beaten me, you know."

"You could have run away for awhile," I whimpered.

"I've tried that. It doesn't do. He doesn't forget. When I come back I get the beating just the same. Cheer up, Fritz. Maybe you'll have luck and find a nicer home than the one you had."

"It couldn't be nicer," I said, "and even if it was I wouldn't like it. I want to go home!"

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

"Where is this home of yours?" he asked.

So I told him, and told him all about William and the Master and the Mistress and the Baby and my parents and Freya and everything. It made me cry some more, but I liked to talk about the folks I had lost and Jim listened very politely and seemed interested.

"That must be fine," he sighed. "You say they fed you twice a day, regular?"

"Yes."

"Think of that!" he said. "You aren't making it up, are you?"

"Of course not!"

"I didn't know," he said. "I've heard of such things, but I never really believed them. Say, if I could help you get away I would, honest, Fritz! But it's no use. There isn't anything I can do."

We talked over two or three plans, but there didn't seem to be any way out of it. When it was getting dark again the man came in and

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took me out of the box and led me into the house. As soon as he let go of the string I made for the door, but he caught me and cuffed me and closed the door tightly. Then he took a box and put me into it and nailed a lid down on top of me. There were some little holes bored in the sides of the box which barely let in enough air for me to breathe. Pretty soon he took the box under his arm and set out with it. As we went out of the yard Jim called "Good-bye, Fritz! Good luck!" But I was too unhappy to reply.



"Jim"

CHAPTER IX

IN THE ANIMAL STORE

It was a long journey and I was terribly frightened. After the man had walked a long way there was a lot of noise and then we were in a train, only I didn't know what it was at the time. The motion made me very uncomfortable and I felt a little bit sick at my stomach. But I managed to go to sleep presently, with my nose close up to one of the holes in the box.

The next thing I knew the box was being lifted up and then the man carried me for awhile. It was very noisy where we went and it smelled differently from any place I'd ever been. I guessed it was the City, and I was right. When we reached the end of the journey the cover of the box was taken off and I

IN THE ANIMAL STORE

found myself in a little room with the man who had stolen me and another man who looked very dirty and fat. I could hear a lot of funny noises; dogs barking and cats meowing and birds chirping. The man who had brought me there said:

“Thirty dollars takes him, Bill, and not a cent less. He’s a prize-winner, he is. Belongs to—”

“I don’t want to hear who he belongs to,” said the other man. “You bring him to me and say you want to sell him. That’s enough. If he wasn’t your dog I wouldn’t be buying him. But twenty dollars is all I can pay for him. There ain’t much call for dachshunds just now. They ain’t in style.”

So the two men talked and talked for a long time, the man who had brought me saying he must have thirty dollars and the other man saying he could only pay twenty. But after awhile they agreed on a price and the new man

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gave the other some money and he went away. Then the new man took me into another room that was filled with cages and put me into one and gave me water and food. I was very thirsty and a little bit hungry, but the place was so strange that I didn't do more than drink a little water at first.

There were lots of dogs there in cages, some of them just little puppies, and there were cats, too, cats with long hair and bushy tails and cats with short hair, and one cat with no tail at all! And there was a goat, too, and parrots and canaries and queer birds whose names I didn't know, and lizards and turtles and gold-fish swimming about in tanks of water. Oh, it was a funny, queer place, and as for noise—well, I'd never heard anything like it! Even the dog show was a quiet place compared to that store. People came in from the street outside and stared at us through the bars of the cages and poked their fingers at us and

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laughed when we were frightened, as I was, or when we tried to lick their hands, as the puppies did.

Right across the aisle from where I was there was a little cage made mostly of glass and in it were some tiny white mice with funny pink noses. Every little while one of the mice would come out of a loaf of bread where they lived and get in the middle of the cage and go around and around and around in a circle as fast as he could spin! I suppose he was chasing his tail, just as I used to do when I was a puppy, but he did it so fast that my eyes ached. Sometimes two of the mice would spin at the same time and it made me dizzy to see them.

Well, I stayed in that store for many days, just how many I don't remember. Several times folks asked about me; what my name was, how old I was, had I any tricks, what my price was; and once I was nearly bought by a very stout lady who had lots of rings on her

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fingers. But I didn't like her smell—you know we dogs judge folks a good deal by their smell—and so I snapped at her when she went to stroke me and she said right away that she wouldn't take me. I thought that the man would be very angry with me, but he wasn't. He just chuckled as he put me back in the cage.

After that I made up my mind that I would have to stay right there in that store all the rest of my days, for I had heard the man tell folks that my price was fifty dollars, and fifty dollars seemed a great deal of money and I didn't believe that any one would ever give that much for me. The man used to tell folks a great many fibs about me. He said my name was Kaiser and that I was raised in Germany and had taken twenty-four prizes at dog shows since I had been in this country. He said I was just two years old and as sound as a whistle. He wasn't far wrong as to my age,



Oh, it was
a funny,
queer place

IN THE ANIMAL STORE

and I was sound, but the rest of the things he said were just plain fibs. I was sorry about the fibs, for he was rather a nice man and treated us all quite kindly, and I was afraid something dreadful would happen to him for telling stories. It is very wrong to tell fibs, of course, and dogs never do it.

I made several friendships at that store. There was Mouser, who lived next cage to me. I never thought that I should like a cat, but I did. He was a big grey cat and had the longest whiskers I ever saw. He and I would put our heads through the bars and have fine long talks together. He had seen a great deal of life and had always lived in the City. At first he wouldn't believe the things I told him about the country. He took quite an interest in Ju-Ju and said he thought she was a very lucky cat. Mouser didn't know who his parents were or where he was born. Isn't that strange? Fancy not knowing your own

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father or mother! I wouldn't like that, would you?

Mouser said that when he was a tiny little kitten he lived just anywhere; under doorsteps and on roofs and in sheds; and all he had to eat was what he could find in the gutters. I guess he had a pretty hard time of it until a little girl picked him up one day and took him home with her. After that he had a nice home for nearly a year. Then the little girl's family went away and closed the house up and Mouser was put out into the street again to get along as best he could. It was harder then than it was before, because he had got used to having his food given to him and to having a nice warm place to sleep each night. For awhile he almost starved, he said, and had to fight other cats, and dogs, too, and even rats sometimes, to get anything to eat. He said he stayed around the house he had been living in for a long time, hoping the family would come back

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again and let him in, but they never did and so finally he wandered away to another part of the town where there were many more garbage barrels. He said he was like the cat in the verse that the little girl used to recite to him. I asked him what the verse was and he repeated it to me. This was it:

Poor little Kitty-in-the-Street!
Ain't got no thing to eat;
Ain't got no garbage pails,
Ain't got no fishes' tails;
Poor little Kitty-in-the-Street
Ain't got no thing to eat!

I think it is quite a sad little verse, don't you?

One day when Mouser was prowling about looking for his dinner a man with a net on the end of a pole came along and slipped the net over him and took him off in a wagon to a place where there were lots and lots of cats who had no homes, like Mouser. The next day a lady came looking for a cat who would

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catch mice and a man whose place it was to find homes for the cats said:

“Got just what you want, Lady. Here’s a fine big fellow that’s a regular mouser.”

So the lady liked his looks and carried him to her home in a basket and named him Mouser. Before that he had had another name, but he didn’t remember what it was. He stayed with the lady for a long time and then she, too, went away to live in a place where cats were not allowed and so she brought Mouser to the animal dealer’s, and here he was looking for a new home. I told him I didn’t think I would like having so many homes, but he said you got used to it in time and that almost anything was better than no home at all and being just a “Kitty-in-the-Street!”

Then there was Prince. Prince was a funny, good-natured dog who lived in a big cage across the aisle. He wasn’t any regular

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kind of dog, but a little of every kind. He had a long brown coat and a shaggy tail and a pointed nose and very yellow eyes. One of his ears stood up straight and the other fell over just as if it was tired. But he was a real nice, jolly fellow, and had the finest, deepest bark I ever heard. He was just about my age and had been born in the country. One day he came with his master to the city to sell a load of vegetables at the market and another dog quarrelled with him and they had an awful fight and the other dog bit him so that he had to run away. And when he stopped running he was quite lost! He hunted around and at last he found the market again, but his master had gone. So he stayed there for a long time and the marketman gave him pieces of meat and he got along very nicely. He thought that some day his master would come back again. And perhaps he did, but Prince wasn't

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there because one day a boy tied a piece of rope about his neck and took him to the animal dealer's and sold him for fifty cents.

He was quite happy and contented, though, and I liked him very much. And I hope that he and Mouser each found a nice home. There was a little white and tan dog whose name was Peaches—which is a funny name for a dog, isn't it?—and he lived in a cage next to Prince for awhile. He was sold while I was there and taken away by a big man with a gruff voice to hunt rats in a stable. Peaches was not a very gentlemanly dog, but he was full of fun and we all liked him a lot. One of the funny things he did was to stand on his front legs, with his hind legs in the air, and walk around the cage. And while he did it he would say:

“Mary had a little dog,
He was a noble pup;
He'd stand upon his front legs
When you held his hind legs up!”

IN THE ANIMAL STORE

The parrots were noisy things. I don't see why any one should want a parrot around, do you? There was one that used to look at me by the hour with his head on one side until I got quite nervous. When I barked at him he would laugh and say "Here, Fido! Here, Fido! Good dog! Good dog! Who killed the chicken?" I wished very much that I could have got hold of that parrot and pulled some of his tail-feathers out!

Well, I stayed in that store a long time, and I got so I didn't mind the noise much. We had plenty to eat and drink and once a day we were taken into a tiny yard at the back to run around. Of course I wasn't happy, and I used to long for my home and Mother and Father and the Baby and William and Freya and, most of all, I think, for Alfred. When I got to thinking about them I felt very sad and would often cry myself to sleep, just as I used to do behind the flower-pots. I tell you

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

I missed those flower-pots a great deal those days! I had quite given up the hope of ever getting back to my home, or even getting away from the animal store, when one day a wonderful thing happened, a thing so wonderful that it deserves a chapter all to itself!

CHAPTER X

BACK HOME AGAIN

I WAS having a little nap at the back of my cage when I heard a lady's voice say: "No, thank you, we are just looking about. My little boy wants to see the dogs."

I pricked up my ears, for I seemed to know that voice, but I couldn't think whose it was. The lady was out of sight and I waited eagerly for her to reach my cage. And while she was still at the front of the store I heard another voice say, "Mother, do you suppose they have any dachshunds?" and my heart just jumped right up into my throat. For the voice was Alfred's! I leaped against the bars and barked and barked, I can tell you! And Alfred and his mother heard me and came to see what all the noise meant. And when Alfred saw me he cried:

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

“Oh, Mother, here’s a dear little dachshund! Oh, please may I have him?”

“Why, I don’t know, dear,” said his mother. “He *is* a nice looking dog, isn’t he? Are you sure you want him?”

“Oh, yes, yes!” said Alfred. “Really, I do, Mother! He looks so much like Fritzie, doesn’t he? Don’t you think he does?”

Alfred put his hand into the cage to pat my head and I licked it and tried to reach his face with my tongue and whined and whined. And Alfred’s eyes got rounder and rounder, and suddenly he cried very loudly:

“Oh, Mother, it *is* Fritzie! It is! It is! He knows me, Mother!”

And—oh, well, I don’t remember much about what happened after that for a while! I know the man came and let me out of the cage and I jumped and barked and whined and went on terribly silly, I guess. But you didn’t mind, did you? And then, almost be-

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fore I knew it, I was snuggled up in—in Alfred's arms in a carriage and we were rattling over the cobblestones at a great rate. And Alfred was crying and hugging me and his mother was smiling and crying a little too. I wasn't, though; not then; I was far too happy to cry!

And then—but you know the rest of my story as well as I do. How the Master came up to the City and took me home again and how glad I was to see Mother and Father and Freya and every one else. And how William blew his nose over and over again and seemed to have a very bad cold in his head, and how the Baby said "Booful dogums!" and hugged me until I had almost no breath left! But there was one thing I don't think you ever knew about fully, and that was how the brindle bulldog came to be there.

I had been home nearly an hour and was lying in the doorway talking to Mother and

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

Father and Freya, telling them all about what had happened to me while I was away, when a brindled bulldog came trotting up the road. He was a very ugly looking dog and when I saw him I growled. But the others paid no attention to him. As he came nearer he reminded me of some dog I had seen somewhere and so I asked who he was.

“Oh,” said Mother, “that’s just Jim. He came here a month ago and wouldn’t let William drive him away. So he lives here now. He’s a very nice dog. Rather coarse in his ways and not much to look at, but good-hearted and kind and a fine fellow to keep watch.”

Then I remembered him. He was the dog who had belonged to the man who had stolen me. Of course I ran right out and said “Bow!” to him and we were very glad to see each other. He told me that after his master had gone away to take me to the City he got



He lives in the fourth tree'

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to thinking about my home and how fine it would be to live in such a place and have regular meals and be spoken to kindly now and then and he had made up his mind to run away and go there. You see, he thought that as the Family had lost me maybe they'd like a dog to take my place. That was quite clever of Jim, don't you think? And so he left his home before his master came back and trotted down the lane and into the big road and so up to the stable.

At first Father tried to drive him away and there was quite a rumpus, but Jim wouldn't go. Then William tried to drive him away and got after him with the carriage whip. (Of course William didn't hurt him any, because he never would hurt a dog more than was good for him.) And still Jim wouldn't go. So William felt sorry for him then and gave him some food and Jim slept outside the stable that night. When William found him there

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the next day he tried to drive him away again. But Jim came right back and so William fixed him up a box in the yard and ever since Jim had been one of the family. He told me that he was very happy and that he had never had so much to eat in all his life! The Master took a great fancy to Jim and Jim to the Master and they were fine friends. Of course the Family didn't know that his name was Jim, because he never told them, and so they called him Tramp.

It was awfully nice to be back home once more, I can tell you, and Mother and Father and Freya were so glad to see me that they just couldn't do enough for me. Freya hung around so close that she got to be rather a bother! She never got tired of hearing about the wonderful things that had happened to me, and about Mouser and Prince and, especially, about Peaches, the dog who stood on his front legs. Even Ju-Ju seemed glad to have

BACK HOME AGAIN

me back. I may be wrong about that, though. Cats are queer animals and you can't tell much about what they're thinking.

But glad as I was to be back home I was a little sad all the time. I missed Alfred a lot. And when, a few weeks later, the Family got ready to go to the City for a visit and I learned that I was to go with them I was awfully pleased because I thought that I should see Alfred again. And I did, didn't I? Do you remember when the Baby brought me in here that morning and said:

"Afed, here is Kismus present for oo, Mild'ed's booful dogum!"

You were almost as glad as I was, weren't you?

Well, there, that's all my story. Next month we're going back to see them all, aren't we? I shall like that. I suppose Freya is fatter than ever now. She doesn't hunt enough. I shall tell Mother so, too.

THE STORY MY DOGGIE TOLD TO ME

Heigho! I think I'm getting sleepy. I have talked a great deal for a dog, and this pillow is very comfy. If you will lean over I'd like to lick your face. Then I shall take a nap. But don't forget to call me when you are ready to go to walk. There's a squirrel in the Park—he lives in the fourth tree after you go through the big gate—and he made a face at me yesterday . . . or was it the day before? Anyway, . . . he ought . . . to be taught . . . manners. . . .

THE END OF THE TAIL



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